

# Sports Illustrated

JANUARY 18, 1971

60 CENTS

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## Next week

**CORRAL THE COLTS?** To do it the Cowboys will have to head them off at the pass—the ones Johnny Unitas will be throwing. Tex Maule reports the fifth annual Super Bowl

**HARO ON THE HEELS** of the big match-up with Notre Dame's Austin Carr, Marquette's adventurous Warriors take on New Mexico State. An account by Curry Kirkpatrick

**OLD HOCKEY PLAYERS** may die but they resolutely refuse to fade away. Tony Trevisi's camera catches 19 who've been in the NHL for 15 years and show no signs of quitting.

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# SCORECARD

Edited by MARTIN KANE

## GOING LIKE 60

While so much attention in pro basketball has been concentrated on the Spencer Haywood mess, a suggested modification of the game itself—which has just come to the serious interest of some NBA officials—deserves a bright spotlight. The idea is to lengthen the game from 48 minutes of four 12-minute quarters to 60 minutes of four 15-minute quarters. The proposal should be adopted by both leagues, since it is one of those rare propositions that is simple to effect and beneficial to all.

The move would give the fans 12 more minutes of action. An average game now runs well under two hours.

It would help management by producing greater concession and radio-TV revenues.

It would help the coaches, since they would have the opportunity to give all their players a chance to play regularly.

It would help the players for all the same reason. Players would have a better chance to develop, a vital consideration now when there are more top players than ever before, and this year's college draft is touted as the best ever in terms of quantity.

But most important, a 60-minute game would help the sport of basketball. The great big men who dominate the game could not then keep up their present pace for 60 minutes. Depth and teamwork would count for more, and, without the one big man going the whole way, more variety and style would be introduced into every game.

## ONE RUN FOR CHARLIE O

Some years ago Charles O. Finley, owner of the Oakland Athletics, proposed that the World Series be played at night. Now he has won one of his rare victories. Commissioner Bowie Kuhn has ruled that the fourth game of the 1971 Series will be televised in prime evening time unless the Chicago Cubs reach the Series—there are no lights in Wrigley Field.

NBC-TV, which currently televises baseball's *Game of the Week*, clearly has noted the success that ABC-TV has enjoyed with its Monday night pro football games. They boosted ABC's ratings some 50% over what they had been in 1969. And NBC also was quite happy with its own ratings for the nighttime 1970 All-Star game, which is supposed to have had 56 million viewers.

The swing to televising one Series game at night would indicate that if the experiment is successful in the ratings war against whatever the game's opposing attraction might be on the tube, eventually all Series games—except those played on Saturdays and Sundays—would be at night. Baseball is played better in daylight than under lights, of course, but the trend in sport today is to bend over backward for TV ratings.

It took years for Mr. Finley's night game idea to achieve fruition. Now we wonder about his newest. Finley's Oakland Athletics start their 1971 season at home with a questionable opening day program—a doubleheader. That's progress! Come on, you Cubs.

## APRÈS DICTER, WHAT?

A study of skiing and the psychological factors that make it attractive to so many has been undertaken by Dr. Ernest Dichter of the Institute for Motivational Research, which tells manufacturers how to put sex appeal into candy bars and automobiles. Among his findings:

"Women, as well as men, often have a feeling of potency, virility."

"In a sense, skiing is like a new religion. The après-ski sense of companionship and sociability is no accident and is caused by more than romantic fireplaces at ski lodges, the shared experience of people who date, the freedom of complete, satisfying accomplishment away from an alienating and mechanized modern world."

"Americans take the sport too seriously. In Europe it's just recreation. It's true today, even though skiing in Aus-

tria, where I was born, is a form of chauvinism. Austrians know that one of their major exports is ski instructors."

Dichter, at 63, has been invited to take a skiing course in Europe. And so he may take up this chauvinistic experience.

## FANS ACROSS THE SEA

What promises to be the greatest transatlantic airlift of boxing fans in history is revving up its engines for the Muhammad Ali-Joe Frazier fight at Madison Square Garden March 8. Charter airlines are selling packages of flight tickets, passage and lodging, and having no trouble disposing of them. Says Norman Manches, manager of London's Dolphin Maritime and Aviation Services: "If I could get the flight tickets I probably could book 500 passengers." He has, in fact, 250 tickets (\$50 seats for which he paid \$65 each)—just enough for his chartered Super DC-8. Taberner Travel Agency in Birmingham has already all but filled one Boeing 707.

Cost: £110, 15 shillings (\$265.80) for two nights and three days in New York, to £125 (\$300) for four nights, five days.

## THE WISDOM OF YOGI

Business experts in Seattle are puzzled by the economic paradox suggested by the continuing success of the Seattle Super-Sonics in a city where the unemployment rate hovers between 10% and 12%, about twice the national average. The Sonics' 20-game home attendance total, 185,422, is almost 50,000 over last year's.

One reason could be that the Sonics are enjoying their best winning record so far. But it's easier to accept Yogi Berra's explanation of the ups and downs of attendance figures: "If the people don't want to come out to the park, nobody's gonna stop them."

## GOOD DEED, NAUGHTY WORLD

If the James G. Blaine Society had its way, travel brochures describing the state of Oregon would read:

"Oregon—small, crowded, polluted, Fievel's lousy. Economy failing. Crime rate and cost of living soaring. Natives hostile. State flower: poison ivy. State song: *Raindrops Keep Fallin' on Mr. Head*."

All of which is a pack of lies, except that there really are some hostile natives the Blaine Society—who would like to build barbed-wire fences along the state borders, keep tourists and in-

dustry out and let Oregon go its own lovely way.

The society was founded by the late Stewart Holbrook, author and historian, who chose Blaine as mythical leader for no better reason than that he is now an obscure figure and was dubbed The Plumed Knight at the 1876 Republican National Convention.

Holbrook mailed postcards around the U.S., claiming that the picture on them—showing a dirty steel mill pumping black smoke into the sky—was symbolic of Oregon industry. No matter that the steel mill depicted was in Pittsburgh. He also declared that tourists and newcomers should beware of the Atomic Energy Commission nuclear plant across the northeast border in Washington because it was emitting fumes that sterilized males.



When Holbrook died, a growing membership perpetuated his ideals, and now anyone can join who is dedicated to isolationism, badmouthing industrial development, and the credo that the enemy flag comes in the colors of an out-of-state license plate.

So help us, it is working. State residents now get precedence over outsiders in obtaining campsites at state parks. The state's travel advertising program has begun to lure tourists to commercial resorts. Public colleges are limiting out-of-state student enrollment to 15% (previously the University of Oregon's stu-

dent enrollment was 30% Californian).

Holbrook's good was not interred with his bones.

#### ORDER OF DEMERIT

Walking to their hotel one day, Terry Driscoll and Terry Duschinger of the Detroit Pistons got to talking about the bad shots some basketball players take in games.

"You know," Driscoll explains, "Air balls [shots that don't hit the rim or backboard] and glass balls [shots that bounce off glass backboards like rockets]. Around the league they call them 'bricks' because the ball falls like a brick after one of these shots."

Dischinger noticed a brick—a real one—wrapped in tinfoil outside the hotel. And thus was born the Pistons' Silver Brick award. The team lost that night in Phoenix, and Bob Lanier got the brick "for overall bad play." A player who gets the seven-pound brick has to carry it with him wherever he goes until it is awarded to another player. Recipients are nominated by a committee of team members who did not play in the game—the DNP committee. They select two or three nominees, who are required to leave the locker room while the rest of the team makes a final choice. At the end of each month the player winning the award most times is honored with the Brick-of-the-Month award. As of now there is a three-way tie among leading recipients—Erwin Mueller, Lanier and Jimmy Walker, who have won it twice each.

Coach Bill van Breda Kolff has won it once. The Pistons lost one night in Philadelphia, and it was decided that he had ruined the team's momentum with substitutions he had made in the second half.

#### A FLYER IN CELLULOID

Working on road construction near Bel Air, Md. back in 1955, Harry Jackson found in a demolished old house what looked like a golf ball. On it was the date "1899" and the imprint "Kempsall Flyer." He tucked the ball away but, from time to time, wondered about it.

The sports department of Baltimore's *Evening Sun* recently advised him that the rubber golf ball was not invented until 1899. The U.S. Golf Association, through Bob Sommers, a public information officer who consulted a book, *The Curious History of the Golf Ball*, concluded that the ball was made of cel-

luloid. Eleazer Kempshall, it turns out, was a Bostonian who made a fortune in celluloid, chiefly out of celluloid collars and eyelets for shoes.

"Apparently," reported Sommers, "he was a golf nut, too, and thought he could manufacture celluloid balls. He did, in fact, take out a patent on a celluloid ball in 1901, but the process never was satisfactory."

"He also made a gutta percha ball with a celluloid center and a celluloid ball with a gutta percha center. Try to figure that out."

"Anyway," Sommers concluded, "Mr. Kempshall was better known in the U.S. Patent Office than he was on the first tee."

#### ONE MORE FOR GUINNESS

For what it is worth, a new world marathon basketball record is claimed by Sarasota (Fla.) High School and Sarasota Riverview High. The two schools played from noon on Dec. 26 to 9 p.m. on Jan. 2, a total of 177 hours. Previous unofficial record: 150 hours, set last August by Gunners Basketball Association in Aurora, Ill.

Purpose of the game was to establish a better relationship between the two schools, its sponsors said, and wipe out the memory of a fistfight last season. Each team used 26 players and each player played three times a day in two-hour shifts. Final score: Riverview 9,216, Sarasota 8,980, no knockdowns.

#### THEY SAID IT

- Bill Fitch, coach of the hapless Cleveland Cavaliers: "Going into a game against Lew Alcindor is like going into a knife fight and finding there's no blade in your hand."
- Marv Harshman, Washington State University basketball coach: "If the Cougars have one outstanding trait this season, it's mediocrity."
- Billy Ray Smith, Baltimore Colt defensive tackle, asked if it is becoming harder to get to the quarterbacks because offensive linemen are bigger and better: "No, they're not getting any bigger or better. Their hands are getting better. They're holding, that's all. It's the reason passers are getting such good protection this year."
- John Brodie, asked why a million-dollar quarterback has to hold the ball for field goals and extra points: "Well, if I didn't, it would fall over."

END

# POOR BROKEN WINGS

*Ruffled feathers were flying in Detroit last week as the city's discouraged and defeated professional hockey players sought to break free of the cage in which a gung-ho college coach kept them pinioned* **by MARK MULVOY**

With Denny McLain sent off to be a Washington Senator, one might suppose that all would be quiet on Detroit's sporting front. And so—with the exception of some justified grumbling on the part of local hockey fans about the low estate into which their team had fallen—it was until a certain morning last week when Sid Abel, general manager of the Detroit Red Wings, picked up his morning paper, turned to the sports page and, after a quick look at the headlines, spewed his breakfast coffee all over the room.

The headline that touched off Abel's explosion was the one announcing that his hockey team had lost to the Toronto Maple Leafs the night before by a score of 13-0—the worst drubbing inflicted on Detroit during its 44 years in the National Hockey League. "It would have been worse if we hadn't blocked the kick after Toronto's second touchdown," one of the Red Wing players cracked. At his breakfast table that morning, however, Sid Abel was in no mood for jokes, even sour ones, and his temper was not soothed by a feature article running in the paper alongside the hockey story. "RED WINGS," ran the headline on top of this story, "ARE PAYING FOR THE SINS OF 10 YEARS." The statement was attributed to one Ned Harkness.

As far as Abel was concerned, that tore it: a rookie coach from Cornell who had never in his life played so much as one period of National League hockey blaming his predecessor (i.e., Abel himself) for the fact that in only half a season he had turned a respectable playoff team into one of the worst in the NHL. Coach Ned Harkness, said

General Manager Sid Abel to himself, would have to go and that was that.

Abel had more than a mere general manager's reason for feeling as he did. He had been part of the Red Wing organization as player, coach and front-office executive for nearly 30 years, and back in the late 1940s, along with Gordie Howe and Ted Lindsay, he had been one-third of perhaps the most successful forward line in hockey history, the famed "Production Line" that led Detroit to five of their seven straight league championships. How, Abel must have asked himself, could anyone take the tradition he stood for and so drag it through the slush?

Feeling sure of his ground and knowing that Detroit's players were so fed up that "they had quit playing for Harkness weeks ago," Abel flew to Chicago to discuss the whole matter with Red Wing Owner Bruce Norris (brother of Jim Norris, late owner of the Chicago Black Hawks). There was really little to discuss. All Abel had to do was point out to Norris that, despite the successful record he had fashioned as a college hockey coach at Cornell, Ned Harkness had made a mess of the Red Wings, had antagonized all his players, had learned nothing about big-league hockey and should promptly be fired.

All this may have seemed obvious to Sid Abel. It didn't seem obvious at all to Jim Bishop, the lank, mod-styled organization man whom Norris had brought to the Wings as executive director and on whose words he leaned heavily. In sports, Bishop's major field of expertise is lacrosse, but he has served as a director in both the Central and Western hockey leagues.

It was Bishop who persuaded Norris to hire Harkness, an old lacrosse crony of his, as coach to succeed Abel, and it was Bishop who marshaled statistics to prove that Abel himself had not done well at the job during the long time through which he held it. In 12 seasons of coaching, Bishop pointed out, Abel had brought the Red Wing team to only a single first-place finish; he had missed the playoffs four times, and as a general manager responsible for team development he had not produced even one new major-leaguer with all-star potential.

All this Norris must have mentioned to his general manager as they talked on and on through much of the night in Chicago. With the talk done, Abel returned to Detroit.

At 11 o'clock the following (Wednesday) morning he walked into his office at the Olympia Stadium. A few minutes later his daughter Linda, who is also his secretary, burst out the door sobbing. That afternoon the papers learned why: Sid Abel had terminated his 28-year association with the Red Wings. "I discussed the policies of the hockey team with Mr. Norris," he told the press, "and I found I could not accept them." "I can't accept Harkness as a coach," he added later. "I can't even assess him as a coach because he isn't one. He can't coach. This club is capable of being in the playoffs, and with proper coaching it will be in the playoffs. Right now it is by far the most disorganized Red Wing team I've ever been associated with."

The announcement of Abel's departure stunned not only Red Wing fans but Red Wing players, and few in either category could argue with his ap-

*continued*



*Did Abel spread coffee and outrage.*



*Jim Bishop got the boss' ear.*



*Ned Harkness blamed his predecessor.*



*Alta Delvecchio made plays*



*Gordon Howe worried about direction.*



*Bruce Norris made '85 phone calls.*



*Doug Barkley got a warm reception.*





praise of the team. Disorganization was running so rife that everybody seemed to be blaming everybody for everything. Throughout the season so far about all the Red Wings had to keep them going were the performances of veterans Howe and Alex Delvecchio, the team captain. Yet young Garry Unger, who had his own run-in with Harkness over the length of his strawberry-blond hair, jokingly suggested, with some reason, that everything was the fault of the two old-timers. "Why do things differently when you still have Howe and Delvecchio around?" was his point.

Unger is perhaps a better example than he is a proponent of what went wrong under Harkness. A 42-goal, razor-cut-hair man last year, he reported to camp at the start of this season with locks as long as, well, Derek Sanderson's. The former college coach who had insisted on short hair at Cornell suggested that the young pro visit the barbershop. Unger refused to go. There was tension for a while, though Harkness eventually dropped the matter. His attitude toward Unger's hair, however, was characteristic, consisting as it did of treating a grown man like a schoolboy.

Harkness started his season in the pros by setting down firm rules about smoking, about drinking, even about phone calls. There were constant pep talks in the collegiate style. "We've had more meetings than the negotiators who settled the strike at General Motors," said Defenseman Gary Bergman, who has spent six years in the NHL.

Harkness' collegiate gung-ho extended even to his operation of the Detroit bench. Instead of stationing himself at a position of command where he could keep firm track of all that was going on during a game, the new coach tended to dart about slapping his players on the back, giving them the old clenched-fist, go-to-it-boy treatment, whispering to this one, giving that one a poke in the ribs—endeavoring to create enthusiasm but in fact creating only confusion. Changing lines in mid-game, which a coach must accomplish about once every two minutes in a major league hockey game, is a tricky maneuver that

takes real skill. One result of Harkness' unorthodox conduct of his bench was that Detroit was frequently penalized for having too many men on the ice at one time.

As the season deteriorated from loss to loss, the disaffection grew between the Red Wing players and their new coach. Many of the players were openly critical. "He told us to speak up and I did," says Unger, "but I don't think it's done me much good." "I think what bothered me most," said Howe, "is that we didn't have any plays, nothing that starts from here and goes to there. The only guy who made any plays for us was Delvecchio."

In Harkness' defense it should be pointed out that he was hewed almost from the start. Among other things, his well-intentioned effort to move Howe from up front to a defensive position failed, not because Gordie couldn't play defense (he can play anything) but because there was no one on the sparse Detroit roster capable of taking his place at right wing. At the very beginning of the season the injuries set in. Ron Harris, a defenseman, hurt a shoulder. Then Frank Mahovlich, the high-shooting left wing on the Howe-Delvecchio line, injured his knee. Defenseman Gary Bergman was hurt in Los Angeles; Roy Edwards, the team's only experienced goalie, got a hairline fracture of the skull and missed 11 games; and Howe himself injured a rib cartilage. Even now, seven weeks later, Gordie is not his old self, though he's playing regularly.

Harkness places much of the blame for the fact that he was caught short-handed on Abel, who, among other things, traded away last season's alternate goalie, Roger Crozier. Soon afterward, to further weaken an already weak defense, temperamental Defenseman Carl Brewer decided to quit once again. "Sed says that I inherited a third-place team," Harkness complains, "but without Crozier and Brewer last year's club would never have made the playoffs."

As for the players he had left, Harkness says: "There are only about half a dozen on this team that are my type of player. I want guys who go both ways, guys who forecheck, guys who backcheck, guys who do it all. I don't like the guys who get that black vitamin [which is what Ned Harkness calls a puck] and go only one way. We're just not going to have them around here."

Whatever the rights and the wrongs of the matter, by the time the Wings reached Buffalo last week to take on the absolute low man on the NHL totem pole—the Sabres—the disenchantment between the players and their coach had become too deep for any resolution. Brimming with defeat and discouragement, the players met privately before the game, then again in the dressing room, where Gordie Howe did his best to stir them up.

It did little good. True to their coach's snarl that "My guys don't even breathe on the other guys," the passive Wings let the Sabres slash them to ribbons. After the 7-4 defeat Harkness had the good sense to chat with a friend from Ithaca, a Cornell dean who happened to be at the game. "He told me there was still a job for me there if I ever want it," said the defeated coach later.

As it turned out, there was also a job waiting for him in Detroit—if he wanted it. On the day after the Buffalo game Red Wing executives—minus, necessarily, Sid Abel, and minus Bruce Norris, who couldn't make it but phoned at least 25 times—conferred for six hours in the Olympia offices. The confab ended in an official announcement from embattled Owner Norris. Ned Harkness, it stated, would no longer be the coach of the Detroit Red Wings; instead he would be the general manager.

"I'm pleased they didn't shoot me down," Harkness said with commendable understatement.

If he was pleased, so, for varying reasons, was everybody else except, perhaps, Sid Abel. Doug Barkley, a former NHL player who lost an eye five years ago manning the Red Wing defense, was brought on from a minor league coaching job to take Harkness' place on the bench against the Sabres that night.

Doug got a big greeting from the fans at the start. Throughout the game he managed his team with aplomb, staying mostly in one position, with a foot up on the bench. Suddenly revived, the Red Wings themselves went out and—well, if they didn't exactly knock the stuffing out of the Sabres, they did beat them 3-2.

One other thing: the Wings won on a power play made possible by the fact that Sabre Coach Punch Imlach was penalized for having too many men on the ice.

END

*Led once again by the old reliables, Howe (No. 8, above) and Delvecchio (C, bottom), Detroit showed new life on its home ice under a new coach and defeated the Buffalo Sabres 3-2.*



## 'HEY, I CAN BEAT THOSE GUYS'

*Dr. Del Meriwether, a 27-year-old hematologist, came to this conclusion last year while watching a televised track meet. So he took up the sport and last week whipped some of the world's best sprinters* **by SANDY TREADWELL**

**D**r. Delano Meriwether spent last Friday, as usual, studying leukemia cells in mice at the Baltimore Cancer Research Center. Then, early in the evening, he and his wife Myrtle drove down to College Park for the first big track meet of the U.S. indoor season. Dr. Meriwether is a track fan who, this past summer, scheduled his Sunday afternoons around the televised coverage of the U.S. team's European meets. He remembers one Sunday in particular when he was stretched out on his bed viewing the 100-meter dash. After the race was over and the times were announced, he called out to Myrtle, "Hey, I can beat those guys." Myrtle didn't reply.

But on Friday evening, as Dr. Meriwether strolled onto the running track in Cole Fieldhouse at the University of Maryland, wearing gold swimming trunks, a white hospital shirt and a pair of striped suspenders, she was all eyes. As Myrtle Meriwether had learned, her husband may have been right.

Despite his unorthodox attire, no one else paid him much attention. "I was worried that maybe I was out of place," Dr. Meriwether said later, "but the carnival atmosphere of the scene relaxed me. The crowd was warm and enjoying

themselves and the athletes were relaxed and talking to one another."

Dr. Meriwether reported for his qualifying heat in the 60-yard dash. "I felt I'd run well," he said. "My swimming trunks give me a sense of speed and my legs felt ready under them." Also waiting for the gun were Ben Vaughn, who won the 220 at the AAUs last summer, and Donald Quarrie, the Commonwealth Games 100- and 200-meter champion. Lee Evans, who later set a world record in the 500, looked over the field and Meriwether's costume, caught his eye. "Man, who is that guy?" Evans recalled wondering. "I figured he had to be a freshman from Maryland State or something. I watched his start and it was terrible. He came off the blocks too high and his arms were swinging instead of pumping. But then he stretched out and, whoosh! I knew that with a good start this guy could have broken the world record."

Dr. Meriwether came on to finish second in the heat, qualifying for the finals, in which he drew the sixth lane. Charlie Greene, who shares the world record over both 100 yards and 100 meters, was beaten in his qualifying heat, so the race was expected to be between

Mel Pender, who had tied the world indoor record at 5.9 in his heat, and Ivory Crockett, the AAU champion in the 100, who were running in the second and third lanes. "I felt I had an advantage," Dr. Meriwether said. "They wouldn't see me from their lanes and I knew they weren't concerned about me. They felt it was their own race. Here were two guys I'd seen on TV just a few months ago and I felt I could take them."

This time Dr. Meriwether's start was even poorer than in his heat, but he drew even with the leaders just past the midway point. "I put a good lean into the tape and I saw the blur of Pender," he said. "I knew I had him." When the winner of the 60-yard dash was announced, Myrtle jumped up and down in her seat.

In less than a year Dr. Delano Meriwether had transformed himself from a mild-mannered spectator into a world-class sprinter. "I've never heard of anything like it," said Lee Evans, who has heard and seen a lot.

Dr. Meriwether began running last winter at the age of 27. He had always been interested in athletics, but had never had the chance to participate. In high school, at Charleston, S.C., there was



no track team and he was too light for football. "There wasn't much use for a guy who was six feet tall and weighed 135 pounds," he said, "particularly on a team that had won two city championships. I liked basketball but the football players were outstanding in basketball." So he played the saxophone in the school band. After school he had a job at a veterinary hospital, and the health and care of animals soon became his primary interest. He studied dog parasites and his exhibits won him two trips to the National Science Fair. He was a premed student at Michigan State, breezing through in three years, but his course load was so demanding that the only sport he found time for was intramural volleyball. In 1963 he became the first black to be admitted to the Duke University Medical School.

At Duke he chose the study of blood diseases as his specialty, and this decision ultimately resulted in his taking up track. Last year, his first at the research center, Dr. Meriwether cared for young leukemia patients. "Every patient is a tragedy," he said. "I knew everyone in the ward and I became personally involved with them. It was a particularly difficult year. I took up running as a diversion." In February, Dr. Meriwether went to an armory in Baltimore to watch a local meet, which took place on a track surrounding a basketball floor. He recognized Nick Lee, an excellent hurdler he had seen on television. Dr. Meriwether introduced himself after the meet and Lee invited

the stranger to run with him. "I guess he felt that if I was crazy enough to come out and watch him, then I was crazy enough to run," Dr. Meriwether explains.

Lee offered him a pair of track shoes and encouragement, and Dr. Meriwether began to train. On Saturdays he walked the three blocks from his apartment building to the track at Johns Hopkins University. If a lacrosse game was scheduled, he went crosstown to Morgan State. Much of his early training, however, took place on the seven flights of stairs leading up to his apartment. Coming home from work, he took them four steps at a time. Sometimes he climbed them backwards, and the sight of a man dressed in a knee-length doctor's coat running upstairs in reverse tended to unnervise his neighbors. "It seemed like I'd always pass women returning home with their groceries," he recalled.

Dr. Meriwether didn't realize how fast he was until he entered local meets last summer. He had no way of knowing, because he discontinued using a stopwatch after he and a friend ran a 440 against the clock. "I thought we were really burning," Dr. Meriwether explained. "We were both puffing and putting everything into it and I thought that I must be setting an unofficial record. Then I looked at the watch. The time had to be the slowest 440 in history."

From then on he trained by instinct—and he has never had a coach. Dressed in a baggy pair of trunks held up by suspenders, he worked out until his legs felt

*Wearing suspenders, hospital shirt and bathing suit, Meriwether beats Mel Pender (lane 2) and Ivory Crockett (3) in the 60-yard dash*

strong and fast. Representing the Baltimore Olympic Club, he ran a 9.6 hundred in the South Atlantic AAU meet, a 9.5 in the Baltimore Municipal Games and a 9.4 at the All-Eastern. A short article was written about him in *The New York Times* and he was a *Facts In Ten* Crowd selection (SI, Aug. 17).

"I looked around for meets in the fall and discovered there weren't any," he said, "so I had to convince most officials that I could run indoors this winter." To this end, he sent his clippings to the director of every meet on the indoor schedule.

Last Monday he received the list of 60-yard-dash entries for the National Invitational meet in College Park. "I expected to see a lot of local names," he said, "but instead I saw Greene, Pender, Crockett—about nine world-class sprinters in all. I was startled." On Wednesday he definitely decided to run and on Friday he beat them all in 6.0, wearing his hospital shirt because it had been mentioned in the *Times* story and the suspenders because "women who go to track meets might be entertained by a fashion show."

After his victory Dr. Meriwether was approached by Charlie Greene, "Meriwether," he said speculatively. "I'll remember that name next time and I'll be seeing you later."

END



*This is Cammie Gross, Western Air Lines. Cammie is stopping for a beer and losing the race. Still Cammie is clearly a winner.*

*This is Gretchen Veleks, Pan Am. She is posed at a polka-dot alpine gate. Gretchen does not race—but she sure improves slalom gates.*



## ***Play Now... Fly Later***

Who was watching the friendly skies last week? Was there nobody to dispense coffee, tea or milk? Nobody to fluff up pillows or serve that plastic chicken and steak? No. It seemed that every stunning airline hostess in the world—137 of them from 20 airlines—was at Sun Valley, Idaho for Interline Ski-In. It is better known as Stewardess Week and, unofficially, as the Whole Earth Stretch Pants World Championship, a very hip affair. The girls skied. They swam, skated and danced. They sauna-ed. They partied. They were pursued by tanned, white-toothed ski instructors and graying pilots who should know better. But mostly, they paraded around, leaving the air heady with traces of Fabergé and Chanel until the sedate old ski resort may never be the same. There were slaloms for silver cups, but never mind them. What do you want, glamour or a good race? And when it was all over and the girls put their wings back on, there were surprisingly few casualties. Oh, maybe a hundred broken hearts, perhaps a dented psyche or two. But just one little old fracture. The doctor said it was the prettiest leg he has ever set.

*This is Merle MacAllister, who is not usually this snowy. Merle flies for Pan Am out of Los Angeles. Merle is out of this world.*





PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERIC SCHWEIKARDT

*This is Cammie Greer again, this time throwing snow at Fletcher Dice of Pan Am. Stewardesses like this make the snowing great.*



*This is Christine Christophersen. Christine flies for Pan Am. And Christine is wearing her crash helmet. Isn't that a ruffy helmet?*



*This is Karen Wong, Northwest Air Lines. Karen is dubbing as Miss Dubonnet, serving wine to sters. Two-drink limit, of course.*

# SUPER BOWL SUPER BOWL SUPER BOWL

## AN ACT, FOLLOWED BY AN ACT, FOLLOWED BY AN ACT

by ROBERT F. JONES

There is this one slow, sad truth about pro quarterbacks: almost to a man they are deadly dull. It is as if the game they dominate, with its brute violence and constant pain, has leeched them of precisely those qualities—fury, rage, sharpness of tongue—that make other, lesser men appear more interesting. For every Joe Namath or Joe Kapp, caustic and cocky, there are five Bart Starrs, so clean and straight and self-effacing that they make one yearn, say, for the ribald companionship of Saint Francis of Assisi. Craig Morton (*see cover*), suffice it to say, is no Joe Namath. Nor is he a Saint Francis, or so claim the young ladies of Dallas.

Last week, as the Cowboys prepared for their first Super Bowl, Craig Morton's already legendary reputation for deathless dialogue took a new turn. He developed lar-

yngeitis. Forbidden by his doctor to speak for two days, and afterward in a whisper, Morton kept to his Plunkett-modern apartment, attended only by a game plan, a girl named Patty and the sounds of silence. In a way, muteness suits Morton, a quarterback whose plays, for the past seven games, have been called from the bench. Talking with him—or at him, to be accurate—one almost expects the back door to fly open and a breathless Mike Ditka or Pettis Norman, the messenger light ends, to rush in with the latest Fresh quote from Coach Tom Landry.

Dig the scene: it is freezing cold in Dallas, so cold that the syrup on the ubiquitous Texan drawl has congealed into fudge. A cheery oak fire crackles in Morton's fireplace, the game balls dangling from the ceiling cast amorphous shadows. "Seven game balls," whispers Morton. "Three of them from the Cowboys." The firelight plays odd tricks with the decor: a gold-plated Model 94 Winchester, 30-30, a gaudy, ginning statue of Cyrano de Bergerac, a bronze beetle on the cocktail table, a chinchilla rug fully six feet square, masses of gnarled wrought iron that resolve themselves into lamps and chandeliers. A photograph of John Wayne, wearing the black eye patch and wacked grin of Rooster Cogburn, pulsates on the far wall. "Good luck, Craig," says Wayne's gritty handwriting.

"Luck," whispers Morton. "I'll need it. I'm hurtin'." Yes, he is. Including the laryngitis, which will have passed by the time he begins huffing his audibles in Miami, he is currently sporting six separate injuries of greater or lesser magnitude. During the off season, the doctors who rebuild football players transplanted a tendon from Morton's foot into his right shoulder to repair a separation. His passing elbow is infected. "I rubbed it raw on AstroTurf and an infection set in, but it's pretty much cured by now," he says. Not so the three-inch gash in his passing hand, inflicted by a Cleveland cleat in the Cowboys' 6-2 "baseball" victory last Dec. 12. A small, suppurating hole remains in the palm, just north of the lifeline.

Braised ribs, courtesy of the 49ers' Stan Handman in the N.F.C. title game, and a sore butt that has tailed him all season round out the injury picture. Painful as all these wounds are, nothing bothers Morton more than the wasting disease of the scalp that won him his nickname on the team. Morton, at 27 the Cowboys' wavy-haired bachelor plenipotentiary to the football groupies of this world, is starting to lose his hair. When that fact became



MORTON STUDIES BOOK OF PLAYS HE RARELY GETS TO CALL

*Two teams with similar motivations meet in the Super Bowl this Sunday. The Baltimore Colts are bent on avenging their humiliating defeat by the Jets two years ago; the Dallas Cowboys want to prove they can win the Biggest Game. Two dissimilar players, Craig Morton, Dallas' cool, quiet quarterback, and Mike Curtis, Baltimore's violent, voluble linebacker, broodingly prepare*

## FOR AN OPENING, HE MIGHT COME OUT AND GROWL

by MORTON SHARNIK

On Jan. 12, 1969, with 25 seconds remaining in the first half of the Super Bowl and the New York Jets leading 7-0, Baltimore Quarterback Earl Morrall handed off to Halfback Tom Matte, took a lateral in return and threw downfield to Fullback Jerry Hill. The pass was intercepted. The play called for the ball to be thrown to Wide Receiver Jimmy Orr, who was all alone in the end zone. frantically waving his hands. In a rage, Baltimore Linebacker Mike Curtis (whose helmeted head looms behind Craig Morton on the cover) jumped off the bench, raced onto the field toward the dejected Morrall, shaking his fist and cursing him.

The play was intended to be the equalizer and, indeed, it should have sent the Colts into the locker room with the score tied 7-7. Instead, they left the field in a trance. The disastrous play was an augury of the bitter defeat that haunted the team throughout 1969 and continues to haunt them even today.

"I couldn't believe it," Curtis said last week, both excited and depressed by the memory. "Ech! I just couldn't believe it. But there it was, the whole tragic, stupid loss summed up in that one lousy play. Everyone could see Orr out there by himself. Everyone but Earl. My behavior was irrational, but then the game was like a bad dream.

"My God, no one knows the despair, the abject humiliation the Colts felt. The 1968 Baltimore Colts, a perfect football machine. The 1968 Baltimore Colts who crushed every opponent but one on a tough schedule. The 1968 Baltimore Colts, the first National Football League team to lose the Super Bowl."

Just six days shy of two years later the Colts were spending their last day in Baltimore before returning to Miami, the scene of their humiliation. Head Coach Don McCafferty, an assistant to Don Shula in 1969, had just left the practice field where those two worthy ancients, Defensive Tackle Billy Ray Smith and Orr, had presided over a brief workout. McCafferty called it the Comedy Hour and only shook his head as Smith and Orr, both notorious goof-offs, led the calisthenics. When Bubba Smith tried to cut short the wind sprints, Billy Ray (Rabbit to the Colts) belted, "No shortcuts, Bubba, you hear?"

"Damn, Rabbit, and you want to be a coach," said Bubba. "This is why you're not going to make it."

The abbreviated practice allowed the players time to finish their last minute chores. Unlike 1969, the wives

would remain home until the Saturday before the game. The Colts would also be staying in a different hotel and practicing on a different field. The practices would be closed.

Curtis, wearing a white Stetson, boots, Levi's and an unpressed cowboy shirt, moved quickly about the locker room. "Let's see, I have to go home and wash my undies and my white socks," he said, working his face into a good imitation of Conservative spokesman Bill Buckley, whom he often takes off on. "Yes, I'm a conservative and I wear white socks—but only under my boots." Next Curtis wondered whether he would be able to get permission to fly to New York on Monday to tape a Dick Cavett Show. "Undoubtedly, it's the Animal Hour," he said. "That's why I'm invited. For an opening, I might come

continued



CURTIS VOWS TO TOW UNDER COWBOYS ENTERING HIS AREA

evident, Don Meredith—always the one for a gentle witicism—began calling him Curly.

No man in football has a better understanding of what Craig Morton has been through this year than Meredith. As the prime target for those deafening Dallas boos when the Cowboys blew a big one, which was often, Meredith ultimately chose early retirement rather than face anymore Big D grossouts: "You dawg! You yaller houn! Whyncha get a tail so you can tuck it between your legs?" In July of 1969, Morton was driving to San Francisco from a weekend at Russian Lake when he heard the news of Meredith's retirement on the radio. "I almost wrecked the car," he recalls. "I had to pull over to the side of the road and yell." Ah! So he once was capable of yelling. Could that laryngitis be psychosomatic? As Meredith said last year when Morton was named captain: "Curly's going to find out there's a lot more to being a leader than just going out and calling a coin toss."

Morton can call much better than that, of course. In the risky business of checking off—changing the play at the line of scrimmage when a defensive set becomes obvious—Morton has long been an acknowledged master, and this skill helps explain why he regained his job from Roger Staubach, who started the first two Cowboy games this season. In the third game, the first of two losses to the Cardinals, Dallas was on its five and Staubach failed to see Larry Wilson—the man who virtually invented the safety blitz—lined up over tackle, ready to do his thing. Staubach sent Walt Garrison into the left side, and Wilson zapped him for a three-yard loss. In the next game, against Atlanta, Morton was the starter. Two games later, against Kansas City, he spotted Johnny Robinson punyfooting up for a safety blitz. Craig went audible and hit Bobby Hayes behind everybody—right where Robinson normally would have been—for an 89-yard touchdown. "Against the 49ers," Morton says, "I called 10 or 12 audibles, most of them pithcuts to Duane Thomas." That in itself indicates Morton is capable of daring, since pro quarterbacks rarely check off to a running play. It won the championship for Dallas.

Still, Meredith is right about the need for learning leadership on a team as cerebral as the Cowboys. "Don conveyed more confidence," says Danny Reeves, the player-coach whose elevation to the hierarchy early this year vastly improved communication between Landry and his troops. "Craig has great self-confidence, but the problem is getting it across to the others."

In effect, the Cowboys have played two seasons: in the first, they went 5-4 and were drubbed by St. Louis and Minnesota; in the second, they went 2-4 quarters without giving up a touchdown and won seven straight games. During the second season, Landry called most of the plays, ostensibly to relieve Morton of the added pressure of calling the plays on top of reading defenses (something he is demonstrably good at) but perhaps also to show that Landry's own head—which might have rolled had the Cowboys collapsed—was still among the most astute in football. "No quarterback likes to have plays called from the sideline," says Reeves, "but Craig was man enough—mature enough—to accept the help. If we hadn't been

out and growl, or else baw Cavett on the shoulder."

There are other players in the league who are admirably called animals, although none but Curtis to his face. "Once in New Orleans a few years back," he recalled, "Matte, Orr and I were eating in this swank restaurant. Matte spies a red-neck Baltimore fan and brings him over to the table. He introduces Orr and the guy shyly responds, 'Please-to-meet-cha.' Then it's my turn. 'And this is Mike Curtis,' says Matte. 'Animal!' the red-neck roars. My God, it was wild. But the red-neck was the animal, not me."

In true perspective, Curtis turns out to be the Colts' resident eccentric. "Mike is a man apart," says his road roommate, Bill Curry, who admires many of Curtis' qualities but finds him curiously independent for a football player. "He's a purist," Curry says. "Totally dedicated to football and obsessed by winning."

"I've warned my fiancée that neither love nor anything else is a wall against my emotions or the team," said Curtis. Poor Marty Boone, the pretty school marm—she teaches retarded children—has been overwhelmed with advice, most of it dealing with football. Some, however, has to do with domestic arrangements. "I don't want marriage reduced to a nit-picking existence," said Curtis. "I need my freedom, my independence. It all frightens me. Sometimes I feel as if I were being closed in."

"It's all big talk," he said later, laughing. "I'll end up like all husbands, emptying the garbage and walking the dog. But I'll do it because I want to. I'm understanding as hell with Marty. Because she doesn't play games, she doesn't threaten me."

Standard premarital oratory? Perhaps. But the declaration of independence was very much in character. Curtis broods about independence. He works at it, too, beginning with his dress. While most young players (Curtis is 26) are fascinated by the mod look and tend to dress up, he dresses down. "In camp it's even worse," says Curry. "There are three pairs of Levi's and some scrubby Duke T shirts which have to be at least eight years old." On the few occasions when Curtis goes out with his teammates, the others will split the bill equally; Curtis insists on paying only for what he ordered. There are further signs of his frugality. "I've still got those tad-ahm, stripe ties I've had since high school," he said, "and darn it, they're still looking good."

Curtis claims he's an independent person; the Colts contend he's a loner and an introvert, but they concur on his massive commitment to football, which is why so many of his foibles are overlooked. Even his inexcusable threat to Morrill was passed off as just another mad-dog impulse. Curtis' intensity is often directed at quarterbacks, and he doesn't back off from attacking passers, even during practice, his own. "That's the way the cat's programmed," says one Colt player, "and you can't turn him off."

No one is exempt. "Curtis does what nobody else dares to do, he tackles Johnny U. in practice," says Curry admiringly. "He really puts it to John, and on occasion John has come up swearing." One time, Curtis viciously knocked down Running Back Terry



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successful, I'm sure he would have rebelled. But it worked."

More important was the emergence of Duane Thomas as a game-breaking runner, the superb stiffening of the Cowboy defense and the spirit of cohesion that infused the team. "Cleveland was the tester," Morton says. "We had a way of going under for those guys when something went against us. In the Browns' game, when Bobby Hayes dropped a punt for a safety, we began to get it together. Before, we might have caved in with the bad break. Well, there it comes again. Fate, you know. But everyone sort of said, 'That's O.K., Bobby. We'll get it back.' And we did and we won and we kept on winning."

Nonetheless, it will take more than Togetherness to win a Super Bowl for Dallas. It will require a toughness at the finish that the Cowboys, for all their boots and spurs, have yet to demonstrate conclusively, a grit even truer than that which radiates from Morton's photo of John Wayne. Indeed, there is something suspect about Morton—something just a touch soft, just a whiff too genteel. Perhaps it is that California cool—a breeze from the Bay, where he sails in the off season with his pal Loren Howley in the 38-foot ketch *Kahuna*. A puff of dust from the two bookstores he and Howley own in Berkeley, compounded with the revelation that Morton himself doesn't read many books. "I just finished *The Godfather*," he whispered last week as the fire crackled. "Now I'm into the Bible."

But mostly, the suspicion arises from the things in which the man wraps himself. Morton is a bit of an art fancier—one of his best Dallas friends is Rual Aske, who runs a gallery—and Morton's walls are hung with decorative abstracts by a chick name of Nancy Sims, and a striking orange painting centering on the head of a lovely black woman, done by another girl named Marsha Gilbert.

One begins to sound . . . anti-intellectual. But that isn't the point, for Morton is no intellectual. He is rather, like most quarterbacks, a man of superior intelligence (his IQ is said to be 126) but primarily a man of action, a Meursault straight out of the Camusian sunlight—no sorrow, no regrets, just the act followed by the act followed by the act once again. Football, golf, skiing, sailing, tooling the freeways in his silver Porsche 911, dice, chicks, Burt Bacharach tunes and no sorrow, no regrets. The hair may be thinning but the eyes are a calm, baby blue. They have always been empty of fury.

Dinner was steak, mushrooms, crunched salad and a Bordeaux. The conversation was muted, necessarily, but one felt that hard words, electric words, did not suit that household. Patty, a cute, perky blonde who hails from Missouri but now works in a Dallas bank, had cooked well and lovingly. "Craig doesn't seem like a jerk," she said. "He's gentle, and he doesn't come on like a brute." The talk swung around to racial attitudes, and Morton shook his head sorrowfully about some of the Dallas fans. Toward the season's end, when young Thomas had come on as something of a savior, one of them had approached Morton. "He said to me, 'I used to think of Thomas as a nigger, but now I can see he's a good ol' colored boy.' I ended the conversation as quickly and quietly as I could."

Perhaps that's it. A quick, quiet ending. No harsh words, no fists. One is, after all, an NFL quarterback. **END**

Cole, and Don Shula sent Curtis to the sidelines to brood for half an hour.

"He's just wild," said Cole. "I'm glad he's on my side."

Perhaps that's the answer—that Mike Curtis is *their* wild man, *their* mad dog. And, as they see it, this is the season for mad players and this is the kind of uncompromising fury it will take to win the Super Bowl. "Curtis epitomizes the unifying Colt defense," says one man in the Colts' front office, whose indulgent hands-off policy is generally credited for maintaining the team's high morale. "They don't bug the players," said Curtis.

As a performer, Curtis has been building up to the season's finale, the Super Bowl. He was wrathful in the play-offs. Against Cincinnati, he stopped sweeps at both ends, and when the Bengals tried to go over the top on a dive play, he leaped up and drove the play back. Later he intercepted a pass thrown over the middle. In the NFC title game against Oakland he was savagely omnipresent. And now comes Dallas. "This one will be an emotional bath," said Curtis. "Both teams know the bitterness and frustration of losing the big game. But here we have the edge." The edge is a despair so strong it should be bottled in bond. And Mike Curtis? "What Mike is more than anything else is pure football player," says Curry. "Excellence is more important to him than acceptance."

In fact, the pursuit of excellence led Curtis to break the players' strike, which was led by his teammate, John Mackey. But Mike Curtis doesn't care if he is well-liked. He does care about the mortification of losing to the Jets in 1969. It rankled his priest's soul. He wages his own undeclared war against "bullies, loudmouths and incompetents," as the AFC discovered this past season. Curtis' enmity caused a melee in Boston involving both teams. "The tight end, I don't know his name, threw a good block at my knees after the whistle," he said. "He threatened my security." In return, Curtis kneed his offender and then threw a few punches under his guard before being thrown out of the game. On another occasion, Curtis kicked a player in the head, "because he was holding."

"Holding? In the Super Bowl, those damn Jets held as if they were never going to hold again," he said, "and they haven't quit yet. They're still grabbing, and the worst offender of all, Winston Hill, makes All-AFL." But the zenith of Curtis' anger is not reached until he comes to Johnny Sample. "I hate guys who steal a pass and then stuff it in their victim's face, humiliate them," he said. "It's cheap and miserable, the act of an incompetent and a loudmouth, and Sample is a perfect example of both."

"Going into that game, I continually heard you've got to beat that longhair. Yeah, I thought, we've got to beat the longhair. But there was no dishonor in losing to the best—and that's what Naimath was. Losing to the Samples and the Hills, that was degrading."

In the two years since, Curtis has changed. He now has curls on his neck, and his sideburns are inching toward the corners of his mouth. He no longer believes that all college protesters are Spockian radicals. Some, he now thinks, are sincere and protesting for the right reason. But one conviction remains unchanged. "The money is unimportant," he said. "I want the ring." **END**

# BAJA REVERIE



*Fishermen are dreamers—big dreamers—and one of the visions that makes a saltwater fisherman's workaday life bearable is the one that transports him to Baja California, dropping him gently on the shore of the Sea of Cortez. Francis Golden—angler and artist—realized the dream, and the palpable evidence is shown on these and the following pages in a portfolio that is the next best thing to experiencing the rugged charm and beauty of this land to the south, where the vivid green and blue waters teem with marlin, roosterfish, dolphin and yellowtail.*







Off Punto Colorado, 80 air miles south of La Paz, the artist's eye catches a fisherman who spent a quiet morning fly casting for roosterfish. None of the big roosters showed, but success came with numerous mackerel and ladyfish. Offshore a large yellowtail fell to the mate's goff (right) after a running fight. Natives, with the help of donkeys, gather stones ashore to be used for building roads and houses.







**TRAVEL FACTS**

The resorts on the Baja side of the Sea of Cortez are completely devoted to fishing. The best way to get to them is to fly to La Paz—either from Los Angeles via Aeromexico or from Phoenix via Air West. Each resort has its own airstrip and can be reached by air taxi from La Paz (about \$20). Cabo San Lucas—at the tip of Baja—has three lavish hotels. Farther up the coast are four resorts, somewhat simpler in style.

Bahia de Palmas—65 miles southeast of La Paz—is the oldest of these, roughly built, with concrete floors and palm-thatch roofs. The Rancho Buena Vista, a couple of miles down the bay, is the largest of the four, with 40 rooms. The newest place is the farthest north—Punta Pescadora. It is better constructed and less deliberately rustic. Fifteen miles south of Buena Vista is Punta Colorado. Most of the fishing for roosterfish and marlin is done within three miles of the Punta Colorado's front door. Prices at these places run about \$15 per day per person, American plan. Boats rent for \$65 a day for four fishermen with captain and mate. Tackle can also be rented for about \$3 a day, but fishermen usually bring their own.

**A** common sight at Punta Colorado is the shark fisherman wandering over coastal waters in his small boat with a harpoon ready across the bow. No captured fish are ever left to rot on the docks; this striped marlin, under the watchful gaze of a retriever, is being hauled ashore, where it will be smoked by the natives to make delicious fare.

**If experience makes a pro, this man has 11 years on jets. If it's skill, he has 2 FAA licenses. And if it's some personal quality, he's got what it takes. He's Joe Leyden Delta lead mechanic. Another Delta Air Lines professional.**



**Delta is ready when you are.**

A couple of years ago the New Orleans Saints had an unpreentend-round draft choice from a college in Texas. This big stud, a lineman we'll call Stephen Austin, was doing surprisingly well and had impressed Coach Tom Fears and the staff with his behavior and attitude. Then, with the rest of the rookies in the Saints' training camp, he took a test devised by the club's two consulting psychologists, Drs. Bruce Ogilvie and Thomas Tutko of San Jose State College.

"The doctors told us we'd have the results within two weeks," says Fears. "Three days later we got a call at our San Diego camp. They said we were sitting on a keg of dynamite with Austin. They said he was the kind who might walk out of camp any moment. They were calling to give us early warning."

The young man's test scores, according to the psychologists, showed that his self-confidence was low, he was becoming moody and depressed, he could not adjust to harsh verbal criticism, he punished himself when things went wrong and he couldn't sustain effort when things were not breaking his way.

"After they had finished," says Fears, "I thanked them and said, 'Stephen Austin walked out yesterday.'"

In 1967 the Saints had a rookie from Xavier, an end we'll call Dan Abramowicz, whom the psychologists and most other people had never heard of. Abramowicz was a lowly 17th-round draft choice, but his test scores made him sound like a combination of Frank Merriwell and Attila the Hun. Ogilvie and Tutko concluded that if this guy had a shred of physical ability to go with what was inside him, he'd be an All-Pro. Abramowicz became the leading pass receiver in the NFL.

Ogilvie and Tutko—known to their athlete subjects as The Shrinks—are not infallible when it comes to picking out potential champions. A few seasons ago they sized up a rookie defensive end for the San Francisco 49ers as definite pro material.

"We watched him out on the field in a two-on-one drill," Ogilvie recalls. "He was alone against two big tough veterans who were just killing him. It got to the point where they had to prop him up on a three-point stance. The coach would give the signal and off he would go, and he'd get creamed. He'd

got up on his knees and his head would be flopping to one side. But he wouldn't quit."

"He had all the traits. So you know what happened?" Tutko continues. "He didn't make it because he didn't have lateral mobility. Now what the hell do we know about lateral mobility?"

The Shrinks are not in the predicting business anyway, nor are they really headshrinkers. Their Institute for the Study of Athletic Motivation was set

up to help coaches handle athletes. "The factors which motivate an individual to athletic competition are unique for each participant," they explain. "We believe that improved individual performance will result if the coach and each athlete he works with are aware of these psychological drives."

"They can't tell you if a man's a football player," says Bob Shaw, assistant coach of the Chicago Bears. "The coach still has to do that. But they

continued



# **WE HAVE A NEUROTIC IN THE BACKFIELD, DOCTOR**

Professor Bruce Ogilvie (left) and  
his partner Thomas Tutko show  
teams how to avoid mental blocks  
by tackling psychological hang-ups  
by **JOE JARES**



can tell you if he's tough, if he can take tough handling, if he has desire and leadership. They can even tell you if he'll choke in a tight situation. They can tell the coach how to motivate individuals and the whole squad. By studying the psychological profiles, the coach will know how he can get through to his team. They can even tell you whether a guy should be playing offense or defense and which guys should be on the suicide squads."

The professors' psychological scalpel is their test, officially named the Athletic Motivational Inventory but referred to by them as "the instrument." It contains 190 multiple-choice questions designed to measure the subject in 11 personality traits: drive, self-confidence, aggressiveness, coachability, determination, emotionality (handling feelings), conscience development, trust, responsibility, leadership and mental toughness. The instrument is in a constant state of flux, Tutko and Ogilvie constantly replacing and rewording questions like the one that goes, "People could say of me that I would beat my mother to win. (A) agree (B) in between (C) disagree." They can get almost as excited about statistics as they can about their beloved 49ers. (They had to get season tickets several rows apart in Kezar Stadium because in their rosters' zeal they had been pounding each other into putty.)

"We are sometimes shocked by items," said Tutko. "When we dream one up, we think, 'Oh, that's a terrific item. That's beautiful!' But it sometimes turns out to be a dud. Everybody answers it the same way or it loads on the wrong trait. For instance, 'I work hard at everything I do' is supposed to measure drive or ambition. Actually, it turns out to be a conscience question. 'I never back down in a face-to-face confrontation.' Supposed to determine aggression but turns out to be a key to coachability."

Questions that have slood the test of time and analysis include these (with The Shrinks' comments appended):

"If a fight broke out in a game, I would be inclined to want to participate. (A) true (B) in between (C) false." ("Individuals who are inclined to strongly affirm this attitude . . . tend to be self-assertive, direct and are not particularly guilty about instinctual aggression when they feel it is necessary.")

"When my team fails to live up to its pregame potential I feel depressed. (A) true (B) in between (C) false." ("Questions in this area of attitudes tend to predict ambition or drive to succeed in athletics. Individuals who measure high on the dimension set high goals for themselves and their teammates.")

To detect the jokers who don't bother to read the questions, there are some dummy items sprinkled in, e.g., "Professional athletes get paid for playing. (A) true (B) uncertain (C) false."

Theoretically, at least, the Tutko-Ogilvie instrument is subject to tinkering. A junior high school girl with the right insights might be able to exaggerate or fib her way through and come out looking like Dick Butkus. And certainly the temptation to cheat would be strong for a rookie tackle trying to avoid being cut. But Tutko and Ogilvie feel they have some built-in statistical guards, and they warn the coaches and athletes that had information will hurt no one but the team.

Either the professors or the coaches can administer the test, which takes about an hour. Occasionally, as with the Detroit Lions, the professors know the athlete only by code number and psych. The answer sheets are scored at San Jose State, and Tutko, Ogilvie or their chief assistant, Leland Lyon, writes a short advisory for the coach, who then may keep the results to himself or, the recommended way, talk them over with his men. The fee, now being revised, has been as low as \$1.50 per athlete at the high school level.

The \$1.50 was definitely worth it in the case of a pitcher at Buena High in Sierra Vista, Ariz. One season he was mediocre, barely good enough to get by. The test results showed he should be handled gently, so Coach Jerry Coppola eased up on the pressure, patted him on the head a few times and the kid ended up with a 10-2 record the next year.

"I remember my first practical application of their tests," says Stan Morrison, now an assistant basketball coach at USC. "I had a kid who was difficult. They suggested I ignore him, never tell him anything he did wrong, anything he did right. Just ignore him. I did that and finally one day he came to me and said, 'Coach, could you help me on a couple of moves?' Now he was ready

for coaching. The wall was down."

Another time Morrison had a team with talent but no leadership, no aggression. Nothing he did motivated them. Ogilvie advised him to somehow force physical contact. Morrison tried that in practice all week without much luck.

"Ten minutes before the game Friday night," he said, "I took them off the floor and went upstairs to the wrestling room, where they had a medicine hall. The players looked at me like I had flipped my lid. I split them into two teams and told them they had one minute to get the ball to one end of the room or the other."

"There was a hell of a struggle, but one of them did. 'Now, we're ready,' I said. We went downstairs with bloody noses and scratches and whipped an undefeated team by 20 points."

Many times the test results only reinforce the coach's opinion, or tell him what he would eventually learn anyway. But, say The Shrinks, why lose games while learning a player's quirks? Why not learn the best way to motivate a man when he's a freshman or rookie and save some grief? For instance, Basketball Coach Dick Edwards of Pacific had a player whose scores showed he tended to be highly suspicious of other people.

"I had to try to show him I could be trusted," he said. "By winning his confidence, I believe I was able to release his overcautious self on the basketball court."

Ogilvie and Tutko themselves are as motivated as any of the athletes they've tested. Tutko, who could pass for a mad professor when he gets enthusiastic about something (which is often), has a full load of psychology classes at San Jose State, works on the side as a marriage counselor and consults with a computer-dating outfit. He is a coal miner's son from Gallitzin, Pa. and once coached basketball in the Marine Corps. Ogilvie, a husky ex-wrestler, teaches classes, counsels troubled students and helps a nearby town test prospective policemen. As if all that didn't give them enough to do, they are immersed in sports psychology: interviewing, testing, scoring, writing papers and, between the two of them, speaking at 100 clinics a year from Florida to Rome to Edmonton.

Before Tutko arrived at San Jose, Ogilvie was counseling athletes with problems: depression-prone football players, malingering high jumpers, distance runners afraid of success. He was ready to conclude that all jocks were "overcompensating, psychoneurotic kooks," but the two of them did some work on "personality variables in athletics" and discovered that Ogilvie had been seeing too homogeneous a group. Once he broadened his sampling, it turned out that

been honing the instrument ever since.

Ogilvie and Tutko always ask that coaches themselves take the test, and most of the time. "They're not only willing, they're anxious. It's another challenge in their lives. They want to measure themselves up against other coaches." The results show that coaches at all levels have an "incredible desire for success." One winning football coach, Don Coryell of San Diego State, "falls above the 99th percentile with regard to his achievement

and howing, he finally blurted out, "Why have you given up on us? What's happened? You don't seem to really care anymore."

In a similar instance, the player waited until their coach wasn't home and asked his wife if he was sick.

"You can't shift from a punitive coach to a loving, concerned sort of coach in one day," says Ogilvie. "Your team will become paranoid waiting for the hatchet to fall."

The professors have become a trifle paranoid themselves over the reception they get from some coaches. At presentations they have had coaches literally turn their backs on them. Ogilvie almost got into a fistfight with a heckler at one clinic. At another a coach heard them talk about their test and how it can quickly determine personality traits. The man got depressed and muttered to the fellow next to him, "Damn, these guys are going to take all the fun out of it!"

"Traditionally, you're going to find in the coaching profession men who are socially and politically conservative," says Ogilvie. "Research by a sports sociologist at Wisconsin showed men and women who go into phys ed and coaching have conservative personality structures. They are more interested in power and manipulation and less interested in humanistic approaches. They prefer control, organization, unquestioned commitment to their philosophy and so on."

"If we had a nickel for every time we were laughed at, we could retire now," says Tutko. "I mean guys snickering and laughing in the audience. For example, in handling one NFL player we talked to the coaches about taking the guy aside, being friendly with him. They laughed out loud at us! He went to another club and was one of the best in the league."

Athletes can be derisive and suspicious, too. Tutko was once lured into an impromptu session among the black players on a team. They wanted to know how their answers to the questionnaire were going to be used, with the implied question, "Are you going to hurt us?" Tutko convinced them he wasn't.

One of The Shrink's fondest dreams is to be psychology consultants to a U.S. Olympic team. But on the few occasions they have found some official to listen to them, they have been made fun

*continued*



Ogilvie and Tutko (right) review a test paper with chief aide Leland Lydon

most high-level athletes have personalities as solid as their muscles, especially when properly motivated. It was an easy step from there for the professors to found their institute.

They started their testing programs by giving a whole battery of tests, but coaches complained about time lost from practice. So Tutko and Ogilvie decided to make up their own items. They found out what traits "seemed to stand out" in top athletes and then waded through a great deal of technical test construction. Typical personality-test items like "I like to succeed, true or false," became "I have had dreams of succeeding in athletics. (A) all the time (B) most of the time (C) some of the time." They've

needs; his [average] athlete falls slightly below the 40th."

Sometimes the professors advise bringing in an assistant coach who rates high in the particular traits lacking in the head man but in most cases the traits can be gradually changed. A punisher and driver in the Vince Lombardi mold can't change his methods overnight, however. They once counseled a hard-driving coach to ease up on his men. The coach agreed to try. There was no more screaming and stomping at practices, no lengthy public chew-outs. Everything was reasonable and calm. By the second game after the transformation, the team captain paid the coach a call at home. After some initial hem-

of or told there is no money. They offer to pay their own way, and still they get turned down. "It's like fighting with a 700-ton marshmallow," says Tutko.

Before the Tokyo Olympics in 1964, they tried to get permission to test America's track and field athletes. Head Track Coach Bob Griegengack said no. But Swimming Coaches James Counsilman and George Haines gave them a try. Haines was mildly skeptical because four years earlier, before the Rome Olympics, a doctor who gave combined psychological and medical tests said Chris von Saltza should swim only in the sprints. She won three gold medals, each at 400 meters.

The swimmers had to give up their naps to take the tests, and some of them were grouchy about it. Ogilvie and Tutko administered the tests, flew back to San Jose, worked long hours scoring and writing advisories, and then hurried back to the training site. Among the handling suggestions, two cases were especially enlightening to the coaches.

"One swimmer on Doc Counsilman's own team was better suited to train under me," said Haines, "and another swimmer from another school was better suited to train under him. We exchanged these two and made everybody happier."

Don Schollander, who was to win four gold medals, "tested out very well," said the professors. He wasn't told, but his scores revealed high ambition, fierce independence, creativity, tough-mindedness ("You could hit him with a hatchet and he'd come back"), high exhibitionistic needs and almost no anxiety.

Very few of the reports locked away in the file cabinets match Schollander's. Abramowicz of the Saints rates well, and so do Pitcher Jim Bunning, Shotputter Randy Matson, Matt Hazeltine of the Giants—formerly of the 49ers—Merlin Olsen of the Los Angeles Rams, Al Atiles of the San Francisco Warriors, Don Perkins of the Dallas Cowboys and Terry Baker, formerly of the Rams. The Shrinks think Baker's case was a "tragedy." He won the Heisman Trophy at Oregon State but didn't get in much playing time in the NFL.

"They told us he couldn't throw the long ball," says Ogilvie. "That's no secret. It was known throughout the football world. But here's a guy who played three years of pro football on sheer char-

acter. . . . In terms of a psychological profile, he was the classic guy."

In addition to dividing the data into high school, state college, university and professional sections, the professors have also divided it by sport and found some interesting differences. Basketball players and track athletes carry around a load of aggression cooked up inside them, whereas football players get rid of it on the field. Sprinters tend to be "extroverted, volatile people with problems of control," while distance runners are "enduring, introverted self-punishers."

The real surprises are race drivers. Some people might think they are greasy monkeys who move their lips while they read hot-rod magazines. On the contrary, says Ogilvie, "Race drivers are the toughest-minded, brightest and most creative of all athletes. They are ambitious and very emotionally stable. Men who want to drive fast, for some reason, are really stamped out of the same psychological mold. . . ."

The professors have done a university-level study of football players by positions. The sampling was small, but the results were indicative. Defensive linemen, sometimes depicted as big dumb oxen, were more emotionally mature, tough-minded and team-oriented than most other players.

"You have to look at it from the nature of the game," says Tutko. "Who has the greatest responsibility? The offensive line knows what's going to happen and so does the offensive backfield. The defensive backfield can wait until things occur, then get the general picture and react. The people who ask to be put behind the eight ball right off the bat are the defensive linemen. They have to be able to withstand an initial force."

"With a defensive back, you've got to look right away at two scores: emotional stability and mental toughness. If he is low in both, I'll tell you he better have all kinds of talent, because when he gets beaten the whole stadium sees it."

Engrossed as they are in their world of tactics, forwards and coaches, The Shrinks still have time occasionally to look at the total picture. Often they are disgusted or amused at the myths that have been built up around sports.

There is a common belief that a hard-working substitute on a team will come

out of the experience with a stronger character. Nonsense, say the pros. They studied one college football team and found that a season on the bench left the subs psychologically depressed, less self-confident and less poised than the starters. The study didn't determine whether the subs were that way in the first place or became that way sitting on the bench.

Tutko and Ogilvie tend to scoff at the whole notion of character building in sports. They maintain that, to the contrary, sports do *not* build character, that when kids start in athletics—Little League, Pop Warner football, vacant-lot pickup games or whatever—"the youngsters who are tender-minded, a little less bright, a little less emotionally stable" are weeded out. The kids who stay are *already* emotionally stable, tough-minded, etc.

Ogilvie and Tutko agree that competition can bring out the best in people, but they point out that it also brings out the worst. Studies at Michigan, Columbia and San Jose State (by Tutko) show that in those intensely competitive classrooms as many as 80% of the students cheat if given the opportunity.

Neither prof believes in the term "friendly competitor."

"We have overemphasized achievement as a general ethic," Ogilvie says. "If people select this as a particular ethic, fine. We're all for people seeking to excel in whatever they seek to excel in, but this shouldn't be used as a recommendation, as a way of life or an important human value, because it just isn't true. There's not a bit of evidence that competition leads to happiness or love. In fact, in a loving relationship there can't be competitiveness. Can't be. It's the absence of competitiveness that's one of the fundamental ingredients of a loving relationship."

Still, the busy shrinks from San Jose stand ready to help those who choose to compete.

"It hurts us immensely to see a person who has talent not being handled in a way to bring out that talent," says Tutko. "To have that person handled correctly, that's our bag. . . . A winner, in our estimation, is a guy who works up to his potential even if he loses every goddamn game. But he does the best he possibly can."

(A) true (B) maybe (C) false. **END**

# the arm chair quarterback

A special removable ad section with information and anecdotes about the Super Bowl 1967-71



## PRO FOOTBALL

### FROM PUDDGE TO BROADWAY JOE

The roots of the Super Bowl go back a number of years to the era of the nose guard and the flying wedge. The NFL Record Manual lists the first professional game as being played in 1893 between the Latrobe, Pa., YMCA team and nearby Jeannette, Pa. The YMCA eleven was quarterbacked by a 16-year-old named John Brallier. For his services he was paid \$10 and "expenses." However, recent evidence has been uncovered that the first professional player was the legendary Yale hero, Pudge Heffelfinger. It is reported that he was paid the princely sum of \$500 to perform for the Allegheny Athletic Association against its crosstown rival, the Pittsburgh Athletic Club in 1892. Pudge was worth the price. He scored the game's only touchdown by running 25 yards with a recovered fumble.

It wasn't until 1920, however, that pro football began to take root with an organized league. In that year the American Professional Football Association was formed and was to become the seedbed of the National Football League. Jim Thorpe, the old

Staleys and later as the Chicago Bears. The following year a franchise was granted to Earl "Curly" Lambeau, coach of a team that was to become one of the NFL's most famous clubs—the Green Bay Packers.

In 1922 the APFA was reorganized and renamed the National Football League. The league was expanded to 18 teams, including such stalwarts as the Hammond Pros, Columbus Panhandles, Evanston Crimson Giants, Racine Legion and the Oorang Indians of Marion, Ohio. The Oorang team was an all-Indian team, mainly recruited from



Carlisle, and coached by Jim Thorpe. Its roster was made up of some remarkable players with equally remarkable monickers: Joe Little Twig, Red Fang, Laughing Gas, Black Bear, Wrinkle Meat, Woodchuck Welmus and—would you believe—Xavier Downwind. Probably a wide receiver.

In its fledgling years the NFL was actually a loose confederation of prideful local teams with haphazard schedules, mainly arranged with clubs in the same area. There was little inter-sectional play and although there were official standings there was no formal playoff championship. Some teams played as many as 20 games, others as few as four. Usually, the teams with the best records at the end of the season claimed the championship or challenged each other to a post-season showdown game.

The NFL got a badly needed shot of box office adrenalin in 1925 with the arrival of the fabled Harold "Red" Grange. He joined the Chicago Bears in November, immediately after playing his last college game for the University of

Illinois. In his first pro game 35,000 fans crammed Wrigley Field to watch his debut against the Chicago Cardinals. The Cards' punter, Paddy Driscoll, deliberately avoided kicking the ball anywhere near the Galloping Ghost and the game ended in a scoreless tie. After the season Grange and the Bears went on an exhibition tour, playing eight games in twelve days. The tour was highlighted by his appearance at New York's Polo Grounds. No accurate attendance count could be made because several thousand fans forced their way into the park after all tickets had been sold, but it is estimated that between 65,000 and 73,000 saw the game. From his exhibition games Grange collected \$100,000. While Grange was collecting all the loot and the headlines, the year 1925 was marked by the entry of the New York Giants into the NFL (the franchise was purchased for \$500 by Timothy J. Mara, a respected bookmaker, and Will Gibson, manager of heavyweight contender Gene Tunney). Considering the eventual success of the Giants on the field and at the gate, the \$500 fee coughed up had to be one of the most fortuitous investments in sports history (today the Giants' franchise is estimated to be worth between \$15 and \$20 million). In another development the Milwaukee Badgers had their franchise cancelled and their manager, Arthur Foltz, was suspended "for life." The reason: after the season it was discovered that the Milwaukee club had used four high school "ringers" during a game with the Chicago Cardinals.

The enormous pulling power and publicity generated by Red Grange prompted, indirectly, the formation of the first American Football League. Armed with press clippings and profit potential, Grange and his manager, C. C. ("Cash & Carry") Pyle, who became famed as promoter of a transcontinental footrace known as the "Bunion Derby," demanded a one-third interest in the Chicago Bears for the 1926 season. Papa Bear Halas refused. In retaliation, Pyle organized the



Carlisle Indian and coach and star player of the Canton Bulldogs, was elected president. Membership, or franchise, was set at \$100. One of the first to scrape up the fee was George Halas, whose team was then known as the Decatur, Ill.,





new AFL and Grange skipped the Bears to play for the New York Yankees in the new league, which failed to last more than one year. At the end of the season the winners of the AFL title, the Philadelphia Quakers (an uncommonly benign nickname for a pro football team) challenged the NFL to a post-season "championship" game. The NFL leaders, the Frankford Yellow Jackets, disdained the upstarts. But a match was arranged between the Quakers and the N.Y. Giants, who had finished seventh in the NFL standings with an 8-4 record. The Giants won 31-0 in the first interleague playoff pairing representatives of the NFL and AFL. It was, in effect, however abortive, a forerunner of the present-day Super Bowl. It also foreshadowed other attempts by other promoters to establish rival leagues.

After the demise of Pyle's AFL, pro football tried to return to normal. Red Grange returned to the NFL, but the league had to drop ten teams because of financial squeezes, leaving a core of twelve active rosters in 1927. Subsequently other teams, notably small town teams like Duluth, Dayton, Pottsville and Providence, threw in the towel, reducing the league to eight teams. They kept on for the next few years spinning their wheels and not getting much economic traction. Then, in 1933, came three changes that were to give the NFL a big boost in popularity. The first was a proposal that the league be split into two divisions, Eastern and Western, and that the winners of each division should meet in a playoff for the world championship. The proposal was made by George Preston Marshall, an energetic entrepreneur who had been granted an NFL franchise in Boston (later transferred to Washington) the year before. His suggestion was promptly adopted.



**You only live once. So look for the gusto in life.  
Even in the beer you drink. Schlitz has it.  
Why settle for less?**



**When you're out of Schlitz, you're out of beer.**

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Marshall, along with George Halas, also pushed for changes in the rules of play. The first legalized passing from anywhere behind the line of scrimmage (previously the passer had to be at least five yards back of the line). The other rule put the goal posts back on the goal line. These changes were instrumental in making pro football a far more entertaining and high-scoring spectacle for the fans. The fans were also treated to half-time shows,

team bands and team songs, innovations again introduced by the imaginative G. P. Marshall.

The first professional world title game was played on December 17, 1933 and pitted the Chicago Bears, winners of the Western division, against the New York Giants, the Eastern leaders. Some 26,000 fans sat in the cold in Wrigley Field to watch a close, bruising battle.

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The Bears were led by the awesome, line-smashing Bronko Nagurski and their peerless place kicker, "Automatic Jack" Manders; the Giant heroes were versatile halfback Ken Strong and quarterback Harry Newman. The 236-lb Nagurski was so feared that when Giant coach Steve Owen was asked how his team would try to stop Nagurski, he replied, "With a shotgun."

Oddly, Nagurski emerged as the

keystone of the Bears' attack not as a runner but as a passer. Although his passing ability had been likened to that of a shot putter, he tossed two touchdown passes to lead Chicago to a 23-21 victory. His role as a passer stemmed from the new rule change which permitted passing from anywhere behind the scrimmage



line. Each time the Bears neared the New York goal line, the Giant defense would bunch up to withstand the onslaught of Bronko's charges. Twice, as he rumbled toward the massed defense, he suddenly jumped up and lobbed short passes for touchdowns.

The Giants almost pulled the game out of the fire with a tricky formation that later led to a change in the rules. The play, devised by Owen and Harry Newman, had all the linemen take positions to the right of All-Pro center Mel Hein, thus making him eligible as a receiver. Newman, situated directly behind the center like a T-formation quarterback, received the ball from Hein and promptly handed it right back to him between Mel's legs (probably the shortest forward pass on record). As Newman whirled to his right the Chicago defense rushed to meet him and Hein began to waddle downfield in a crouch with the ball concealed under his arms. There was nobody within ten yards of him. His instructions had been to walk, but as Mel recalls, "After I had gone about a dozen yards, I just couldn't resist the temptation. I straightened up and started to run. Big George Musso of the Bears spotted me and came over to cream me short of the goal line."

The Bear-Giant clash touched off an unbroken string of Conference Playoffs!



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Championships, including such memorable games as the 73-0 rout of the Washington Redskins by the Bears in 1940 and the victory of the Baltimore Colts over the Giants in the "sudden death" game in 1958, the only one in pro history. The game firmly established the popularity of post-season playoffs that were to culminate in the Super Bowl. But the differences between the first playoff and today's Super Bowl are monumental. Perhaps the most startling is reflected in the amount of money involved. In 1933, each Bear player received \$220.34 as his winning share; the losing Giants pocketed \$140.22 per man. Today the Super Bowl winners get \$15,000 per man, the losers \$7,500.

The playoff system established, the NFL continued as the only major pro football league in the country. Then in 1936 another American Football League was formed. It fielded such teams as the Brooklyn Tigers, Boston Shamrocks, N.Y. Yanks and Cleveland Rams. Financially beset and unable to buck the popularity of the NFL, the league was disbanded after the 1937 season. During the 1940-41 seasons, still another AFL entry tried to get established, but with the same dismal results that its predecessors had. The champions of that league, the Columbus Bullies, challenged the NFL winners to a post-season game. The NFL merely snorted.

#### ENTER PAUL BROWN AND COMPANY

Finally, in 1946, a breakthrough of sorts was accomplished by the newly formed All American Conference. It had two big factors going for it. One was that it had some rich owners, like Ben Lindheimer of the Los Angeles Dons, who unbent their fat wallets with alacrity to buy player contracts and promote their franchises. The AAC also had some good, attractive teams, notably the Cleveland Browns, coached by the redoubtable Paul Brown and quarterbacked by the equally redoubtable Otto Graham. The Browns, certainly one of the finest teams in pro football history, won four straight conference championships while notching an unsurpassed won-lost record.

During the 1946-49 period, the two leagues were locked in bitter competition for draft players and box office supremacy, principally between the rival NFL Rams and AAC Dons in Los Angeles. When the Rams won the NFL Western division championship in 1949, the Dons tossed in the towel, and that meant the end of the AAC. However, the All American Conference did salvage a kind



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of Pyrrhic victory. The NFL announced that three AAC teams had been "merged" into the older league. They were the champion Cleveland Browns, Baltimore Colts and San Francisco Forty-Niners—all representing established and valuable franchises which the NFL could not ignore. The following year the Browns maintained the supremacy they had shown in the AAC by winning the NFL Eastern Conference title and then beating

the L.A. Rams for the play-off championship.

With the acquisition of the choice AAC franchises, the NFL enjoyed a decade of growth and profitability. The pot was considerably sweetened by ballooning TV contracts. And there was no rival league to rock the gravy boat. Then in 1960 the upstart American Football League rose again from the ashes of previous

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Broadway Joe making big headlines, the AFL produced an exciting brand of football that drew millions of fans and TV viewers. It also drew the marble-eyed attention of the NFL owners and Commissioner Alvin Ray ("Pete") Rozelle.



The time for negotiations ripened quickly. NFL and AFL pandrums met to discuss terms of a merger and a possible meeting of the winners of each league in a World Championship playoff. The merger was agreed to in June 1966 and the first Super Bowl contest was set for January 1967. The agreement specified that the two leagues would combine a total of 26 teams by 1970 under the NFL banner, but the leagues were to play separate schedules until 1970. The only question to be resolved was the realignment of the teams. After long, painstaking meetings in May 1970, including a final non-stop 35-hour, 45-minute session, the new lineup of teams was announced. Three NFL teams, the Cleveland Browns, Baltimore Colts and Pittsburgh Steelers, joined the ten AFL teams to create the American Football Conference. The other 13 NFL clubs were pooled to form the National Football Conference. The winners of each conference are to meet in the Super Bowl. Thus a marriage was finally made, but it certainly wasn't made in heaven.

burned-out ventures to challenge the establishment. This time the challenge was as real as it was earnest. After a shaky start (remember Harry Wismer's hapless N.Y. Titans?) the new AFL emerged as a solid entity that refused to play second fiddle. It was led by dynamic and far-sighted promoters like Lamar Hunt and Sonny Werblin. Werblin startled the football world when he signed a messiah named Joe Namath to a

reported \$400,000 contract and a Lincoln convertible to lead the moribund N.Y. Jets out of the wilderness. With



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Two weeks before countdown to the Super Bowl, a crew of telephone engineers and electricians will descend on Miami's Orange Bowl to begin rigging a six-mile maze of cable, wire and other communication lines. Four days later they will be joined by a team of NBC engineers bringing in some 150 tons of electronic equipment and assorted paraphernalia in huge semi-trailer trucks. The gear will include at least eleven TV cameras, dozens of microphones, headsets, monitors and sound pickup devices; video tape and disc recording machines (for instant and slow motion replay), lighting equipment and even makeup kits. The men will be setting the stage for a spectacle that will draw the biggest television audience ever to watch a single sports event.

More than 75,000 spectators will be seated cheek-by-jowl in the Orange Bowl to watch the live, vivid action on the green-tinted artificial "turf" of the 120-yard-long football field. They will be farsighted individuals who will have planned to be on the spot (they will have peered out \$15 per seat to be on that spot). But if you multiply the Orange Bowl capacity by 800, then you will get the basic audience that will be viewing with joy or anguish, depending on personal team favoritism and possible preferences in betting action, the minute-by-minute course of play. In living rooms, dens, kitchens, beaches and bars, hotel rooms, motels and even Sunday School basements, more than 60 million people will be eye-riveted to the screen—ranging from 6" black & white portables to 20' x 30' closed circuit color screens. They will be the target of dozens of producers, directors, announcers, spotters, statisticians and associated NBC staffers to bring a colorful and accurate visual report on the Big Tube. Most wives will view this giant eye as an orge, most husbands as a godsend.

Whatever their viewpoint, for good or for bad, the tube watchers will be seeing a show that could not be produced, as one old-time broadcaster observed, "like Playhouse 90 in a phone booth."

To put on the Super Bowl show, NBC will have supplied the talents of 200 staffers plus \$2,500,000 worth of equipment. The network also will have paid the NFL \$2,500,000 for broadcast rights, by far the highest fee ever paid

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But the price is right. The prestige, impact and reach (remember those 60 million plus viewers) give a network a fair shake for its money. There is also the other side of the coin to be considered. Pro football's management has realized how enormous and effective TV's influence has been in spreading the

image of the game and attracting new and devoted followers. Even the late Vince Lombardi, perhaps football's most determined disciple of single-minded attention to the game and a man who passionately hated any trace of outside influence, grudgingly changed his thinking somewhat about TV and its demands. He once admitted: "Considering the money involved, we do have to put forth some cooperation with television.

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Lapses, technical and human, do occur occasionally in sports coverage to bemuse the casual viewer, as these examples of the past can attest. During a baseball telecast a few years back, announcer Jack Brickhouse dutifully reported a drive that was headed a mile high into the bleachers for a home run. As he glanced at his monitor to see how the camera had caught the soaring action of the ball he was dismayed by a strange sight. The cameraman had in perfect focus a bird in flight instead of the ball. Harry Coyle, a longtime NBC sports director, recalls an Arkansas football game at which he worked with a cameraman on loan from a local station. He ordered a shot of the quarterback and was promptly rewarded with a tight shot of an end. The surprised Coyle said, "No, no. Put it on the guy standing behind the line," and the monitor instantly revealed a closeup of the fullback. Coyle, irate and bewildered, snapped into the intercom, "Get the bleeding quarterback—the guy who handles the ball on every play." The imperturbable cameraman got the message. He focused beautifully on the referee.

For the upcoming Super Bowl it is hardly likely that such gaffes will occur. The cameras will be manned by veteran professionals hand-picked by Chet Simmons, NBC's Director of Sports. "It is always possible," says Simmons, "that human error can confuse the picture or take it out of frame, as when a cameraman is fooled by a tricky play maneuver. But you can be damn sure that our crew will be on their best professional competence to cover all phases of Super Bowl action."

Small wonder that Simmons speaks with such assurance. Eleven color cameras will be used for the Super Bowl, as compared with five to seven for a regular season game. They will be stationed at specific points of vantage (see diagram)



If they ask us to start a little later so more people can see the game, we have to cooperate. . . . Given today's budgets, there wouldn't be a single franchise left in the National Football League without television. . . . Commissioner Pete Rozelle echoes Lombardi's hard-won opinion. "Without television fees," he says, "our payrolls would be half what they are. We would not be able to attract some fine college athletes who are with

us. They'd be working for General Electric—and we'd be out some of the better players in our league."

The realistic, hand-rubs-the-other-hand cooperation between the NFL and the television medium has paved the way for developments and refinements (like split-screen and instant, isolated replay techniques) which provide increasingly more informative coverage for TV fans.

to record all aspects of a developing play. Four cameras will be located at lower press box level, two at the 50-yard line, one each at the 25-yard lines, right and left of the announcers' booth. One will be perched atop the Orange Bowl roof and two more will be positioned, respectively, high up above each end zone. In addition, a sideline field camera mounted on a motorized dolly will be used to move at ground level from end zone to end zone. On the far sideline, opposite the press box, a hand-held camera will cover closeup field action. Two other cameras will be set up in the clubhouses of the opposing teams for post-game interviews and color.

In addition to the camera locations, there will be three mobile truck units housing the producer-director control booth (which governs all the action seen on the screen), and the instant replay and slow motion stalls and engineers. The mobile control unit is the heart of the broadcast system. This is where a basic crew, consisting of the producer, director, technical director and associate director call all the shots and push all the buttons. The producer has overall responsibility for running the operation, but the director is the actual "working stiff" who translates all the decisions to the technical staff and cameramen. For example, the producer-director team can select up to five different replay sequences. The director, for instance, may order three cameras to concentrate on a flanker as the play develops, one from high in the end zone, one from the sideline at ground level, and one from the 25-yard line at press box level. Thus, each replay, whether in slow motion or at regular speed, can be shown from three totally different perspectives or in a combination of them. Also, the replay can be "frozen" on a single frame to pinpoint the exact moment of play contact.

Strangely, although they dictate every moment of picture action that is seen by the television audience, the control unit members will not personally "see" a single second of play on the field. They will be seated in the cramped mobile unit outside the Orange Bowl, near the press entrance. In front of them will be complex panels and a lineup of eleven monitor screens, each reproducing the picture transmitted by the individual camera. It is electronically linked to. These monitors are the "eyes" of the control crew and are their only visual connection with the actual play. (Actually, they see more action on the field than any spectator because they can scan what's going on in several different parts of the

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field at the same time.)

Because there is so much split-second timing in the telecast, there must be complete cooperation in the chain of command, from Director of Sports Chet Simmons to the rawest unit caddy. All have certain duties and schedules for the Big One—The Super Bowl. The last time NBC covered it was in January 1969 when the Jets and Colts met in the



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Orange Bowl. The instructions for that game were specific. In a manual produced by NBC, schedules and duties for all personnel were precisely outlined. It included reminders on such items as music clearance: "The list of music to be played during the pre-game, game and half-time activities—list to include title of composition and name of composer and publisher—must be sent for clearance at least ten (10) days before day of telecast."

The manual also outlined the operational schedule of the day of the game, from six AM (travel and setup) to final rehearsals for pre-game and game talent (announcers and special guests). In Miami this year all the checks and rehearsals will be made as game time approaches and tension increases. Sixty seconds before the pre-game show the associate director will shout, "One minute to air, gentlemen, one minute." Then, about 59 seconds later, he will say, "The bird is up," meaning the NBC color peacock is on the screen and the show will roll.

## THE FACELESS MEN

### THEY PURSUE ANONYMITY

The Officials' Manual of the National Football League contains 122 pages of explicit instructions reviewing the duties and standards of conduct prescribed for the 84-man staff of stripe-shirted officials who supervise NFL games. The preface is most revealing. It reads, in part, "It is the popular belief that during a National Football League game there are only 22 men on the field. Let's keep it that way... For while the official is an integral and vital part of the NFL, and of its individual games, the degree of anonymity he can achieve in front of [millions of fans and viewers] is a mark of his success... But while the public probably never will know your name or recognize your number, the acceptance of our games by the fans is, in part, a manifestation of their trust in the officials."

This code of inconspicuous conduct is strictly exemplified by the 84 faceless men who spend some 20 weekends each season away from home and their jobs to blow whistles and drop flags. During the week they are lawyers, teachers, merchant chiefs, salesmen, bankers, engineers. But each Sunday (and sometimes on a Saturday or Monday night) during the pro football schedule they devote their skills and judgments to the business of football and the exacting complexities



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for divisional and conference and interpretations of rules governing fiercely bruising and competitive action. They are quite well paid; the pay scale graduates from \$250 per game for rookie officials to \$500 for those who have had tenure of eleven years or more. If an official is selected for post-season playoffs championships, the fee is scaled from between \$700 and \$1,000. And if he makes big casino, the Super Bowl, the payoff





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All regular season games and all championship games are handled by a six-man crew, consisting of referee, umpire, head linesman, line judge, field judge and back judge. The chief of the crew is the referee—although he is not paid any more than any other member—and he is the final authority for the score

and number of the downs in case of disagreement. He also always gives the visual signal signifying the penalty being assessed, no matter which official calls the infraction.

Two days before the Super Bowl this year the six-man team of officials designated for the game will gather for dinner in a Miami restaurant that is not frequented by "individuals of questionable character." They will not "associate with strangers or allow them to converse with them." They will not have any alcoholic beverages.

For the next 48 hours they will be together much of the time as a unit preparing for their vital jobs on Sunday afternoon. Except for some pleasantries and exchanges of news about their families, they will discuss virtually nothing but football, specifically pro football and its precisely worded rules and the complex situations that might arise during the game. Because they will be working together as a crew for the first time—three men from the National Conference and three from the American Conference of the NFL—the men will first establish their systems of internal communications. Each man has to be alert and responsive to each other's methods of signaling difficult decisions. Then there will be long and intensive "seminars" on sticky rule calls. The black, dog-eared rule book carried by each official is the arbiter. The referee in charge of the unit might shout out a question on one of the most misunderstood (by the fans) rules.

"Okay," he might say, "It's fourth down inside the defending team's ten-yard line, ball on the two-yard line, one yard to go for first down. The fullback cracks the line and is stopped at the line of scrimmage, short of first down, and fumbles. Three situations arise: 1) the ball carrier recovers the ball himself and goes over the goal line, 2) ball bounces untouched over goal line and is recovered by an offensive lineman, 3) ball bounces over goal line and is recovered by a defensive player. What is the call in each case?" Every official should know and answer immediately that in case No. 1 a touchdown is awarded to the offensive team, in No. 2 the ball is brought back to the point of the fumble and given to the defensive team (this rule forestalls deliberate forward fumbling when the back knows he is not going to make the first down—he is the only offensive player allowed to advance a fumble on fourth down inside the ten-yard line, unless it has been touched by a defensive man), and in case No. 3 the call is a touchback and the defensive team gains possession

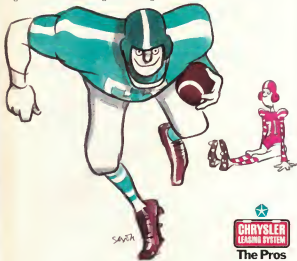
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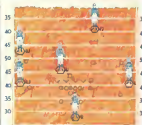
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of the ball on its 20-yard line.

These calls are only a few of the hundreds of rule interpretations the officials will review in detail in their sessions prior to the game. They also will review each official's responsibilities, particularly in relation to his position and the areas of the field he covers according to the type of play—kickoff, punt, pass or line play etc. On a typical play from

scrimmage from midfield, for example, the six men are set in predetermined vantage points (see diagram). The referee is always stationed a few yards to the rear of the deepest offensive back and to the right of the quarterback. The only exception is when the quarterback is a left-handed passer, in which case the referee aligns himself to the left side to get a better lateral view of the passing action. The umpire usually spots himself



about four to six yards behind the defensive line. In this closeup position he is primarily responsible for checking the conduct and action on the scrimmage line. He is also responsible for determining whether ineligible linemen have illegally crossed the scrimmage line before a pass has been thrown. The head linesman and the line judge are stationed on opposite sides of the field about seven to ten yards outside the nearest player and in direct lateral line with the position of the ball. They keep close watch over off-sides and any illegal actions (like encroaching on the neutral zone) by opposing linemen. They also have jurisdiction over marking forward progress of the ball and spotting out-of-bounds plays on their respective sideline areas. Although the stadium clock serves as the official timer of the game, the line judge keeps a synchronized stopwatch as backup timer in case the official clock goes on the blink.

The back judge and field judge operate in the defensive backfield area; the back judge in a spot about 12 to 15 yards beyond the line of scrimmage and on the same side of the field as the line judge; the field judge works on the opposite side of the field about 20 to 25 yards beyond the line of play. Their primary job is to cover downfield action, particularly on pass plays. In addition, the field judge carries a stop watch to time the 30-second interval in which the offensive team must put the ball in play.

Although they operate in set positions and have varying duties, all officials have concurrent jurisdiction over any foul, no matter where it may occur in the "flow" of the play. But each man has special problems involving his primary duty. Most referees are agreed that the most difficult decision they have to make is when a quarterback, his protective pocket of blockers broken down by charging defensemen, must elect whether to throw a hurried pass or "eat the ball"

for a loss. Tommy Bell, a lawyer from Lexington, Ky., and one of the most respected referees in the business, says, "If the quarterback chooses to release the ball just as he is about to be clobbered by a blindside tackle that causes him to fumble, the referee must decide immediately and affirmatively whether his forward passing motion had been started before the fumble occurred. If his passing arm was moving forward, even though the ensuing 'fumble' was recovered by the defensive team after the ball hits the ground, the call is incomplete pass and the offensive team retains possession, with loss of down. If in the referee's opinion the passing arm was still cocked, then the defensive team takes over if it recovers the fumble. In addition, we must always watch for 'roughing the passer' contact after a pass has been thrown and is clearly away."

The officials covering the deep defensive areas, the back judge and the field judge, have similar problems of judgment involving contact. Pass interference, whether defensive or offensive, is one of the most spectacular and controversial plays in football. What appears to be a hairline decision over the moment of contact when the pass arrives, usually evokes vociferous reaction from the fans, particularly when the decision has gone against the home team. Although such a play demands split-second judgment, all NFL officials insist that if the official involved is alert and in position he should have no trouble making the call properly and consistently. As one experienced official puts it, "If the man is caught off balance and hesitates in calling an infraction, if, indeed, an infraction was made, then he has no business working on an NFL crew."

Some officials maintain that the most meticulous moment of judgment on a pass play occurs before the pass has been caught or batted away. NFL rules state that offensive receivers may not block any defender while going downfield. Conversely, any defensive player may block or jostle a potential receiver at any time, provided the contact is made before the ball is thrown. (Some coaches contend that their defensive backs should occasionally try to disrupt a receiver's pattern or else speedy flankers like Bob Hayes would be "picking cherries" all day long.) The official's problem in the case of defensive blocking is twofold. He must be on top of the action and at the same time keep a peripheral eye on the passer to determine the precise moment of the release of the pass to gauge if contact has been made before or after the ball is in the air. If

contact has been made while the ball is in flight, interference is called immediately at the point of the penalty.

Because he supervises conduct on the field with rigid rules that are often questioned and misinterpreted by partisan fans, the official's lot, like Gilbert & Sullivan's policeman, is not always a happy one. But he learns to ignore the catcalls. According to the NFL

manual, he is expected to "show poise and temper control, to be courteous and considerate yet firm and decisive." He also works hard at his job.

Physically, he must be in shape to keep up with the quick-changing flow of action. Probably the one official most hard put to react to the sudden shifts of violence and play maneuvers is the umpire. From his position directly in

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back of the defensive linemen, he is most vulnerable to "where the action is." He must be as durable as he is nimble to survive the single-minded, often savage, thrusts of blockers, tacklers and ball carriers. Occasionally he will be caught in the shift of a running play and be bowled over by an unintentional charge. His pride will probably be more bruised than his backside, but he usually takes the tumbles in stride.

One umpire who has learned to take the hard knocks with composure is Marlin "Pat" Harder, sales manager for a packaging firm. He is better known as the former star of the old Chicago Cardinals in the NFL (remember the "dream backfield" of Harder, Paul Christman, Charley Trippi and Elmer Angsman?). "You have to be a little nuts, I guess, to be an umpire," Pat admits, "but I wouldn't have it any other way. I used



to play a pretty tough brand of football myself and I like to be in the middle of the action." He ruefully recalls umpiring an NFL game in 1969 when he was flattened no less than five times in the course of play. "I'll never forget it," says one of his fellow officials, "Pat really got 'creamed' that day." Later, the crew was reviewing films of the game and gleefully ran spliced-in sequences of Harder's mishaps over and over. Pat sat silent in the darkness. He was not amused.

While they may josh each other over past performances, the officials are a most serious group of men as game time approaches. They are required to meet at least one hour and a half before kickoff in their dressing quarters for a final conference and to attend to individual chores. On his arrival, for example, the referee is supplied with 12 official footballs, a gauge, hand pump and a deflator. He must gauge each ball to ascertain whether it is up to proper air pressure (NFL rule requires that pressure must be between 12½ to 13½ lbs. per sq. inch). Surprisingly, says referee Tommy Bell, about half the time one or two of the balls do not meet the specification and he must accordingly deflate or inflate them. The line judge will set his watch with Western Union time and the stadium clock, and the head linesman will have checked the first down chain to make sure it is unkninked and matches the span of the 10-yard sideline markers. Each official will also check his essential personal equipment: white visored cap, striped shirt with identifying number, whistle and bright yellow penalty flag—the unmistakable pennant that signifies an infraction has been spotted and that a penalty may be assessed. The penalty flags are weighted with metal, like lead fishing sinkers, sewn into the center of the cloth so that the flag can be thrown directly at the spot of a foul without fluttering. (Referee Bell uses an old brass door hinge for his weight.)

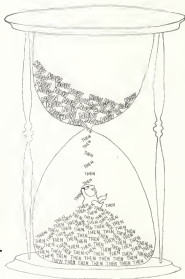
As chief of the crew, the referee will meet with TV representatives to co-ordinate signals for commercial timeouts. Outside the natural timeouts—



end of quarter or half, two-minute warning intervals and when either team requests one—the broadcasters will need certain breaks to fulfill their contractual obligations. But, as the NFL rigidly insists, no commercial timeout can be called while there is continuous action on the field, as when the offensive team is driving forward in a series of downs. However, there are several options which the referee may exercise to comply with a TV request. These include instances when a team has scored or when the ball has changed hands. Examples: when a field goal attempt has been missed, when a touchback in the end zone occurs and the defense takes over on its 20-yard line, when a punt goes out of bounds, when a fumble has been recovered by the defense. These breaks in action are recognized by the officials as first moments of opportunity to call play. If the TV sideline attendant, via headset, gets a timeout request from the broadcast control unit, he will give the referee a signal. The signal varies from crew to crew, but one of the simplest is the crossed-arms indicator. The TV field man crosses his arms over his chest, signifying to the referee that the control booth needs a timeout at the first natural opportunity. The referee will signal back that he has received the request by pointing down at the ground. When the timeout is called the TV attendant will keep one arm across his chest indicating that the commercial is being run. When he drops his arm it means the commercial is over and the referee continues play. The referee will also work out a system of communication with the public address announcer and the press box to keep them informed on situations that may be subject to confusion. He will also supervise the official toss of the coin thirty minutes before game time to determine the receiving and defending teams.

These are only a few of the hundreds of varied details which the officials must check out prior to game time. But their toughest job begins when the whistle blows for the kickoff and everything goes. Thereafter, when the whistle blows nothing goes.

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## FROM SUPER BALL TO SUPER BOWL

The Super Bowl championship was a long time in coming, but like instant replay, it was an instant success and was well worth the wait. Ever since the '20s, when professional football first became

loosely organized, several attempts had been made by rival American Football Leagues to challenge the established National Football League (see Pro Football section). It wasn't until 1966 that a meeting of minds and muscle was accomplished to pave the way for a merger and to schedule a World Championship game between the contending leagues.

How it came to be known as the



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Super Bowl traces back to a silicone-based synthetic, variously known as "silly putty" or magic putty. Lamar Hunt, owner of the Kansas City Chiefs had given some of it to his daughter to play with as a toy. She called it a super ball because of its peculiar bouncing properties. Hunt recalls that at joint meetings of the NFL and the AFL, they had been referring to the championship as "The Big One" or the "Final Game."

He was thinking subconsciously of his daughter's super ball when he suggested the name Super Bowl. It seemed a suitable title for what promised to be a super spectacle and the name quickly became a sports page byword. Curiously, the first Super Bowl was not officially billed as such in the game program. The cover simply spelled it out as "World Championship Game—AFL vs. NFL."

The first game, held in Los Angeles'

huge Coliseum on Jan. 15, 1967, was remarkable in many ways. Although interest in the game was intense, only a little over 61,000 fans attended, about two-thirds of the stadium's 95,000-seat capacity. Many observers attributed this as a form of protest against the TV blackout of the game in the Los Angeles area. One Angeleno even went to court to get the ban lifted. He lost. However, one L.A. television station offered plans for a special makeshift antenna made with a boomstick, coat hangers and lead-in cable. It claimed this rig could pick up the signal from San Diego, beyond the blackout area. On the Sunday of the game one church reported a drop of over \$200 from the normal collection take.

The game itself, between the Green Bay Packers and the Kansas City Chiefs, proved to be rather anti-climactic. After a close first half (14-10), the Packers,



coached by the late, indomitable Vince Lombardi, took charge. Performing with the precision and authority of a well-honed guillotine, they chopped up the Chiefs and won going away, 35-10. Bart Starr, the Green Bay quarterback, was chosen the game's most valuable player,



and deservedly so. He completed 16 of 23 passes for 250 yards and two touchdowns. He also directed the Packer running attack which accounted for three more touchdowns. But the surprise hero of the game was a 34-year-old fake named Max McGee, who was filling in for the ailing Boyd Dowler. During the regular season McGee had caught a grand total of three passes. In the Super Bowl he came up with a pair of hot hands, grabbing seven passes from Starr for 136 yards and two TDs.

In that first Super Bowl the fans and TV viewers were treated to some super half-time antics. They were startled, then enthralled when two young "astronauts" emerged from a huge mock football and flew at a height of 80 feet to orbit the Coliseum. Their method of propulsion: specially designed rocket belts which jettied them through the air. One wore a NFL helmet, the other an AFL helmet to symbolize the final meeting and merger of the rival leagues.

In the second Super Bowl, played in Miami's Orange Bowl stadium before 73,346 fans, Green Bay continued to show NFL dominance. This time their opponents were the Oakland Raiders. But, as in 1967, the results were much the same. Lombardi's Packers mounted a sustained and controlled attack that throttled the Raiders' efforts. Again, Bart Starr was the keystone of the Packers' winning scoring thrusts and was again voted most valuable player. He was aided immeasurably by a balding, sure-footed kicker—Don Chandler—who set a Super Bowl scoring record by booting four field goals and three extra points. The defense also came into glory for Green Bay when veteran All-Pro cornerback Herb Adderley intercepted an Oakland pass and ran 60 yards for a touchdown. The final score was 33-14.

The game marked the last appearance of Lombardi as coach of the Packers, ending a reign of nine years at Green Bay in which his teams won six Western Conference titles, five NFL championships and two Super Bowl victories by convincing margins. When he retired as coach of the Packers, it signaled the end of a dynasty. It also foreshadowed the end of NFL superiority in the Super Bowl. After Green Bay's second consecutive win, self-appointed experts put on their Monday morning mantles of hindsight to pronounce that the title game was a mismatch, that the NFL had too much power, talent and class for the AFL entries to contain.

#### THE YEAR OF THE "GUARANTEE"



100% 100% 100% 100% 100% 100% 100% 100% 100% 100%

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Then along came Joe Willie Namath and the Jets in 1969, the year of one of the most stunning upsets in sports history. The flamboyant Broadway Joe from Beaver Falls, Pa. not only struck a blow for dimwit living but he also proved to be an accurate prophet. Three days before the game, speaking at a banquet in Miami, he predicted victory for the Jets. In fact, he said, "I guarantee it." The next day the papers headlined the

story, "Joe Guarantees It." The experts were amused, if not outraged, by Namath's unvarnished audacity. After all, the fearsome Baltimore Colts, the team Joe and the Jets were to face in the Orange Bowl, were solid 18-20 point favorites. Coming into the Super Bowl Baltimore had won 15 of 16 NFL games, including convincing victories in the divisional and conference playoffs. In addition to their superb defense, which

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had allowed an average of less than ten points per game, the Colts boasted a line attack directed by the veteran quarterback, Earl Morrall, playing in his 13th season. He had filled in so well for the injured Johnny Unitas he was selected Most Valuable Player in the NFL. During the season he had a pass completion percentage of better than 59% and had thrown 26 touchdown passes. (Namath's comparable figures were less than 50%

and 15 TDs.)

On paper, the facts and figures clearly pointed to the Colts. In a poll of 55 sportswriters 49 picked the Colts to win by margins of up to 47-0. And the Colts, bristling over Broadway Joe's public taunts, were ready and eager to shove his words down his gullet.

But Joe never had to swallow a single verb. In an astonishing exhibition of poise



Namath plagued the Colts with a steady attack featuring both passes and running plays. His generalship led to a touchdown run of four yards by Matt Snell and three subsequent field goals by Jim Turner. Overall, the Jets had a total of 337 yards, including 204 yards stemming from 17 completed passes by Namath out of 28 tries. Baltimore, harried by a hard-charging defense by the Jets, was forced into several errors, including four intercepted passes that stymied their usually consistent attack. The Colts did not score until about three minutes before the end of the game. Ironically, their final drive was directed by Johnny Unitas who had come off the bench with a sore elbow to replace the bewildered Earl Morrall. But his efforts were too little and too late. The final score: 16-7.

The finality of the score stunned NFL supporters and it also flattened the wallets of those who had so confidently backed the Colts. For the New York Jets and the AFL, it was the sweetest cup of jubilation and vindication after a bitter drought. It also re-established the soundness of the merger agreement and the creation of the Super Bowl spectacle.





# SQUARING THE SERIES

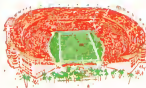
The Jets and Joe Namath confounded the pro football world with their "impossible" triumph. But a few hard-nosed observers claimed it was a fabulous fluke. "Wait until next year," they muttered, still unconvinced. Their opportunity for retribution came on January 11, 1970 in New Orleans' Tulane Stadium when the Minnesota Vikings faced the Kansas City Chiefs before 81,000 fans. Retribution fizzled like a sodden firecracker. Again, the NFL entry, the Vikings, was heavily favored—by two touchdowns—and, like the Colts of the previous year, had a stubborn defensive unit that permitted fewest points per game during the regular season. The defense was spearheaded by a fierce front four called the "Purple Gang," or the "Purple People Eaters." Kansas City, which had been humiliated in the first Super Bowl by the Packers, rested its principal hopes on a 34-year-old quarterback named Len Dawson who had

spent his first five years of professional football in the NFL, as backup man for the likes of Bobby Layne, Earl Morrall and Milt Plum.

An aloof player known as "Lenny the Cool" by his teammates, he performed under an extra mental burden; he had been linked as a "casual acquaintance" with a Michigan restaurateur who was implicated in a nationwide investigation into sports gambling. Dawson's association proved to be as groundless as the knock against him for being a castoff who couldn't make the grade with the NFL. He icily paced the Chiefs to a 16-0 lead over the Vikings—mainly constructed from three field goals by Norwegian-born Jon Stenerud (from the 48, 32 and 25 yard lines) and a five yard TD burst by Mike Garrett. When Minnesota revived its fading hopes in the third quarter with a touchdown by Dave Osborne, Dawson struck back with a 44-yard scoring pass to Otis Taylor to put the game beyond reach, 23-7.

The victory was particularly gratifying to the Kansas City veterans, including Dawson, who had suffered such decisive humiliation from the Packers in the first Super Bowl four years before. It was especially pleasing to Coach Hank Stram, the architect of probably the most complicated offensive and defensive patterns in pro football, who kept his faith in the oft-injured Dawson and gave him a fresh start after the quarterback had been dropped by the NFL. Another happy Chief was E. J. Holub, who played as offensive center on the 1970 championship club after performing as a linebacker in the 1967 defeat, thus becoming the only player in Super Bowl history to play on both offense and defense.

Most importantly, the AFL win squared the Super Bowl series at two all and gave real meaning to the parity of play between the leagues. But now rivalry will continue under the new realignment of the teams—American Conference and National Conference—under the NFL banner.



## DALLAS COWBOYS

| NO. NAME      | POS. | HT.  | WT. | AGE |
|---------------|------|------|-----|-----|
| 10—WIDBY      | P    | 6-4  | 210 | 24  |
| 12—STAUACH    | QB   | 6-3  | 197 | 26  |
| 14—MORTON     | QB   | 6-4  | 214 | 27  |
| 20—RENFRO     | DB   | 6-0  | 190 | 28  |
| 22—HAYES      | WR   | 5-11 | 185 | 27  |
| 23—ADKINS     | WR   | 5-10 | 183 | 23  |
| 24—HOMAN      | WR   | 6-1  | 181 | 24  |
| 26—ADDERLEY   | CB   | 6-1  | 205 | 31  |
| 30—REEVES     | RB   | 6-1  | 200 | 26  |
| 32—GARRISON   | RB   | 6-0  | 205 | 26  |
| 33—THOMAS     | RB   | 6-1  | 220 | 23  |
| 34—GREEN      | DB   | 6-8  | 208 | 30  |
| 35—HILL       | RS   | 6-4  | 227 | 23  |
| 41—WATERS     | CB   | 6-1  | 193 | 22  |
| 42—WELCH      | RS   | 5-11 | 203 | 23  |
| 43—HARRIS     | S    | 6-1  | 180 | 21  |
| 45—FLOWERS    | S    | 6-0  | 180 | 23  |
| 46—WASHINGTON | CB   | 5-11 | 183 | 23  |
| 50—LEWIS      | LB   | 6-1  | 225 | 24  |
| 51—MANDERS    | C    | 6-2  | 250 | 29  |
| 52—EDWARDS    | LB   | 6-1  | 225 | 30  |
| 54—HOWLEY     | LB   | 6-2  | 225 | 34  |
| 55—JORDAN     | LB   | 6-1  | 221 | 29  |
| 56—STINCIC    | LB   | 6-4  | 230 | 24  |
| 60—KIRK       | LB   | 6-1  | 220 | 23  |
| 61—NYE        | G    | 6-4  | 231 | 24  |
| 63—COLE       | DE   | 6-4  | 255 | 24  |
| 68—ANDRIE     | DE   | 6-6  | 250 | 30  |
| 67—TODMAY     | DE   | 6-4  | 230 | 22  |
| 70—WRIGHT     | T    | 6-5  | 285 | 24  |
| 72—LISCIO     | T    | 6-5  | 255 | 30  |
| 73—NEELY      | G    | 6-8  | 265 | 26  |
| 74—LILLY      | DT   | 6-5  | 280 | 31  |
| 75—PUSH       | DT   | 6-8  | 260 | 26  |
| 78—HILAND     | G    | 6-7  | 245 | 26  |
| 77—EAST       | DT   | 6-4  | 242 | 30  |
| 76—ASHER      | T    | 6-3  | 250 | 22  |
| 83—CLARK      | K    | 6-1  | 205 | 29  |
| 84—NOBMAN     | TE   | 6-3  | 220 | 31  |
| 88—BUCKER     | WR   | 6-2  | 195 | 23  |
| 85—DITKA      | TE   | 6-3  | 225 | 30  |

## BALTIMORE COLTS

| NO. NAME     | POS. | HT.  | WT. | AGE |
|--------------|------|------|-----|-----|
| 15—MORRALL   | QB   | 6-2  | 204 | 36  |
| 17—HAWRILAK  | RB   | 6-2  | 195 | 22  |
| 19—UNITAS    | QB   | 6-1  | 196 | 37  |
| 20—LOGAN     | S    | 6-1  | 190 | 29  |
| 21—VDLK      | S    | 6-3  | 195 | 25  |
| 25—CURTIS    | S    | 6-1  | 196 | 22  |
| 27—PERKINS   | WR   | 6-0  | 183 | 28  |
| 28—DORR      | WR   | 5-11 | 185 | 34  |
| 30—GARDIN    | CB   | 5-11 | 180 | 25  |
| 32—CURTIS    | LB   | 6-2  | 232 | 26  |
| 33—HINTON    | WR   | 6-0  | 200 | 23  |
| 34—NOWATZKE  | RB   | 6-1  | 220 | 25  |
| 35—DUNCAN    | CB   | 6-2  | 200 | 24  |
| 36—BULAICH   | RB   | 6-1  | 218 | 23  |
| 40—MAYLAND   | RB   | 5-11 | 198 | 22  |
| 42—MAXWELL   | CB   | 6-0  | 195 | 23  |
| 45—HILL      | RB   | 5-11 | 217 | 30  |
| 47—STUKES    | CB   | 6-3  | 212 | 26  |
| 49—LEE       | K    | 6-4  | 230 | 26  |
| 50—CURRY     | C    | 6-2  | 235 | 27  |
| 51—GRANT     | LB   | 6-2  | 275 | 23  |
| 52—NICHOLS   | LB   | 6-3  | 220 | 24  |
| 56—MAY       | LB   | 6-1  | 230 | 25  |
| 60—WRIGHT    | DT   | 6-4  | 245 | 21  |
| 61—JOHNSON   | G    | 6-2  | 245 | 27  |
| 62—RESSLER   | G    | 6-3  | 250 | 27  |
| 71—SULLIVAN  | G    | 6-3  | 290 | 30  |
| 72—VOGEL     | T    | 6-5  | 290 | 28  |
| 73—BALL      | T    | 6-4  | 240 | 25  |
| 74—SMITH     | DT   | 6-4  | 250 | 35  |
| 75—WILLIAMS  | G    | 6-3  | 256 | 24  |
| 76—MILLER    | DT   | 6-3  | 250 | 30  |
| 78—SMITH     | DE   | 6-7  | 295 | 25  |
| 80—C. BROWN  | K    | 6-0  | 195 | 22  |
| 81—NEWSOME   | DE   | 6-4  | 240 | 21  |
| 83—HENDRICKS | LB   | 6-7  | 215 | 23  |
| 84—MITCHELL  | TE   | 6-2  | 210 | 27  |
| 85—HILTON    | DE   | 6-5  | 240 | 27  |
| 87—JEFFERSON | WR   | 6-2  | 196 | 27  |
| 88—MACKEY    | TE   | 6-5  | 224 | 28  |

A close-up photograph of a man wearing a light-colored cowboy hat and a thick fur collar over a red shirt. He is looking down and to the right, with a Marlboro cigarette in his mouth. His right hand, wearing a brown leather glove, holds a pack of Marlboro cigarettes. The background is blurred, showing what appears to be a wooden fence or structure. The overall tone is rugged and masculine.

**Come to where the flavor is.  
Come to Marlboro Country.**

Australia has established a review board to deal with appeals against the government's official film censors, and former distance runner **Ron Clarke** is one of the five appointees. Clarke reports that he normally goes to about four films a year and that he would not choose to see, for example, *Women in Love*, a flick which, by current standards of permissiveness, comes across as a kind of updated *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*. Ah, the innocence of the long-distance runner.

The Stars Who Fell on Alabama Award goes this week to the former **Cornelia Ellis Saxe**, a fetching mother of two who has married Alabama's Governor **George Wallace**. Now that **Leslie Maddox** has moved out of the governor's mansion in Georgia she may be the real athlete in Southern gubernatorial circles. Mrs. Wallace, who is not only an expert horsewoman but a super water skier, used to star in a Florida Cypress Gardens water show, where she performed a stunt called the backward swim. And you better believe Cornelia's backward swim is a sight better than Les Maddox's backward bike ride.

**Lady Jacqueline Rufus Isaacs**, the young peeress named in some dispatches as the other woman coming between Princess Margaret and **Tony Armstrong-Jones**, finally fled from London reporters to the Swiss ski resort of Gsteig. And how goes her holiday? "Too many phone calls," she said glumly. "and not enough snow." (... don't?).

#### Social Blows from All Over:

It was not a good week for spectating, unless taking a shot in the mouth is your thing.

Golfing at the Cypress Creek Country Club in Orlando, Fla., **Pacher Denny McLain** missed a putt on the 8th green. Furious, he packed up his ball, tossed it into the air and took

a fungo swing at it with his putter, which promptly lost its head. The blade sailed into the mouth of **Dan O'Malley**, a member of McLain's foursome. It was a clean, two-tooth hit, and O'Malley retired to his dentist. "It was one of those things that wouldn't happen in a hundred years," said Club Manager **Blair Fasola**. To Denny McLain it might, Blair.

But at least that's good news for some dentist, right? Well, had news for another dentist comes from Chicago, where this guy is suing because his dental ward invited on watching the **Bonavena**-All fight while he was pulling the guy's tooth and—like McLain's putter—lost his head during the excitement. So while all Bonavena suffered was a knockout, the guy in the dentist's chair got his jaw broken. And he didn't even get a share of the gate.

One of the week's participants didn't fare much better. "This morning," announced Maryland Senator **Charles Mathias** to his colleagues, "I had the unique opportunity of milking the world's champion milk producer—a Maryland holstein cow named **Ballad**." Ballad, the Senator went on to explain, had just set a 365-day record by coming

across with 40,981 pounds of milk, roughly 50 quarts a day. Suell. As long as we don't have to depend on Senator Mathias to do the milking. When he approached Ballad to take a practice squeeze he came in from the wrong side. Ballad kicked him in the chest light but levely.

♦ The Emperor's subjects all bowed low at the tidings from Japan's royal palace, declaring that the auspiciousness of the New Year had been "so much more augmented" by some happy household news. **Crown Prince Akihito**, a serious ichthyologist specializing in the classification of a fish called the goby, had discovered two members of the family entirely new to Japanese waters. He named one of them *nami haze*, meaning "wavy goby," because it has a wavy pattern on its sides, and the other *misumi robu haze*, meaning "southern jumping goby," because (you guessed it) it was found in southern Japanese waters and it jumps. Wonder whatever happened to his Oriental inscrutability?

♦ California State Controller **Houston Flournoy** had more than finances under control a couple of weeks ago. There was Governor **Ronald Reagan** in the middle of his inaugural ceremony, when out of the crowd at Sacramento's Capitol Park came a flying Valencia—not a Spanish acrobat, but an orange plucked from one of the nearby trees. And there was Flournoy, on Reagan's right, making a sensational shoe-string catch. Only it turns out that Flournoy, an old sandlotter from Garden City, Long Island, N.Y., had actually trapped it. "My holding wasn't so hot in Garden City," he admitted, "and I guess it hasn't improved much."

Just when we'd decided Princeton wasn't so sophisticated after all, they had to hit us with this



Seems the university has three copies of **Richard von Krafft-Ebing's** *Psychopathia Sexualis*. Copies one and two of this early-day *Everything You Always Wanted to Know about Sex*\* (and then some) are locked away on the shelves of the Firestone Library at Princeton. But, according to a recent issue of *Ex Libris*, copy three was being kept in the school's Raycroft Collection of Books on Sports, in the gymnasium.

Chicago's Mayor **Richard J. Daley**, who took the best shots of the Woodstock Nation over the last two years without booting so much as a habeas corpus, is now facing The Man Who Has Everything. His G.O.P. opposition in this year's balloting is an Independent Democrat named **Richard E. Friedmann**, whose list of qualifications includes a glider pilot's license, a brown belt in judo, a green sports car (MG-TCL), an orange sports car (Porsche), a red motorcycle and a bronze statue of Diana the Huntress. He also holds university degrees in law and economics and designed his own town house. He once crossed West Africa on his motorcycle, has explored the jungles of Bolivia and climbs mountains. And, just in case it turns out to be that kind of a campaign, he's a good man hot-air-wise. He flies a balloon.



## They're no hair-raisers, but they win

Three University of Pennsylvania basketball players went to see Coach Dick Harter one day last week—separately and on their own. They wanted to know what they could do—what sacrifice they could make—to get their team back on the track. At practice later Harter and his chief assistant, Ray Edelman, were closeted with starting Guards Steve Bilsky and Dave Wohl for almost the entire first hour—reprimanding, discussing, suggesting, explaining. Penn, obviously, was in trouble. Maybe a losing streak coupled with a flu epidemic? Or was Bobby Morse flunking organic chemistry and blowing his chances for a Rhodes? Dawdling morale, perhaps, or half a pound of grass discovered in Corky Calhoun's locker?

Well, none of these, really. The Quakers just the night before had traveled to Princeton and beaten the Tigers 70-62. A few nights later they were to thump Harvard 81-62 at Cambridge. And Saturday they breezed by Dartmouth 92-

77. That, in fact, was their 44th victory in the last 48 games and their 11th straight this season. For the juniors it was their 57th win against two losses, counting their undefeated freshman year.

So why the fuss? Part of the answer lies in the personality of Harter, an ex-Marine officer who believes so strongly in discipline and pays such attention to detail that the leggings on his players' warmup pants must be snapped shut right down to the shoe tops. No loose flaps will be tolerated. As might be expected, he is a neat-hair man. His own is so short it would not ruffle in a typhoon, but he allows his men to have neat sideburns and mustaches. After the Princeton game, which did not please him (too many turnovers), he ordered Bilsky and Wohl to get their hair trimmed, and they complied. Wohl, an intelligent and articulate history major, would like to wear his hair longer but figures it is too trivial a matter to hassle about.

Maybe so for Wohl but not for Harter. This year he had two Midwest prospects visiting the campus and told them he was going to send both home the next day unless they got haircuts. Wohl assured them the coach was not kidding. Reluctantly, they visited a barber.

Penn, though, is no gang of galley slaves. There are jokes enough and shooting contests along with the commitment from everyone to put in the work necessary to be champions of both the Ives and Philadelphia's Big Five. At least. The Quakers had a 25-1 record going into the NCAA tournament last year, then lost to Niagara in the first round,

Niagara had twice been soundly beaten by Big Five teams in the Palestra, while Penn had lost to none of its home-town rivals. Harter, determined not to slip again, vowed to work the team 10<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> harder in each practice this season. He has heard no complaints.

Edelman is Harter's "X's and O's man," a coach who sees games in terms of play patterns and defensive alignments. Harter considers himself more of a one-on-one man. He sees individual match-ups. Together they have installed an offense of more than 30 plays, with variations, for use against man-to-man defenses. (Harter believes almost all good teams play man-to-man.) The Quakers, especially forward Calhoun, are excellent on defense themselves.

Penn's last brushup before beginning the Big Five, Quaker City tournament and Ivy battles was a game at Ohio State. It was important because Harter recruits heavily in Ohio. His first-team center, Jim Wolf, is from there (Jim left the state despite pleas from dignitaries ranging from the governor up to Woody Hayes), as are three members of the freshman team. The Quakers fell as much as seven points behind in the game but caught up with tough defense, good ball handling and Bilsky's foul shooting. The last 23 times the Quakers came down the floor on offense they avoided turnovers and got off good shots. They won 71-64, and Harter said, "It was a hug win for Penn, the East and Big Five basketball. The sweetest ever."

The team's first Ivy game this season, against Princeton, was in the same arena—Jadwin Gymnasium—where Penn had been upset by Niagara. The place must have had vibrations for the Quakers because they played poorly again. They would get an eight- or 10-point lead and then relax, letting Princeton back in the game. Penn won by eight, but it should easily have been 20. Harter did not hesitate to tell his team that in the locker room.

The bus arrived home after midnight, and the coaching staff stayed up until 2 a.m. going over scouting reports on Harvard, a team with a yardful of sophomore talent. The meeting had to be held then because X's and O's Edelman is a full-time junior high teacher and would not be on campus until the start of practice the next afternoon.



DAVE WOHL (LEFT) AND BOB MORSE ARE BARELY INBOUNDS ON HARTER HAIR EDIT

The closed-door discussion with Wohl and Biskis was just that, a two-way thing, not a harangue. The coaches told the guards to stick to the plays and cut out the free-lancing. The guards asked Harter to stop chewing them out after every victory, that some of the fun was going out of it for them. With the air cleared, the team proceeded to have another one of those extra-10% practices.

Harvard's Indoor Athletic Building is a multisport complex, and the basketball gym is on the fourth floor. It is a poor place to play intercollegiate basketball, as Harvard's rivals in the recruiting wars are quick to point out. Still, Harvard outmaneuvered Penn to get Floyd Lewis from Washington, D.C., a sophomore and probably the best Crimson player. Calhoun, who always draws the toughest forward, was assigned to him.

Harvard raced out on the floor, a startling contrast to Penn: unbuttoned leggings flopping, Afros, goatees, mustaches, loud rock music by the Temptations. Matt Bozek kept his overflowing locks out of his face with a Geronimo headband. Brian Newmark had bushy sideburns that birds could nest in. The Quakers' one touch of color was their new shoes—all red.

It used to be that only a few hundred students were willing to hike up the stairs for a Harvard home game, and some of those played bridge in the stands rather than watch the action. Times have changed. Lewis and classmate James Brown have sparked some interest, and the gym was packed for Pennsylvania. No card games and a lot of honest-to-shout rooting.

And there was something worth rooting for. While Calhoun neutralized Lewis, Brown was playing a little guard and a little forward, and frequently giving a good imitation of a pogo stick. He scored 16 points and took 10 rebounds, and Harvard led at the half 35-29.

But Penn, with hardly a game on its schedule that does not count toward a league or tournament championship, is accustomed to pressure. The Quakers came out for the second half determined to work the ball inside, and they did it beautifully. Passing well, fast breaking, feeding a talented sophomore of their own, Phil Hankinson, they outscored Harvard 19-5 and took a 48-40 lead. It

was like an Olympic sprinter loping along lazily for 50 yards, then turning on the power and zooming past the outclassed club runner.

But then the Penn curse struck again. Just when the team seems to be ready to run away and leave the cleaning up to its excellent subs, at least one of whom many of the players feel should be a starter, there comes a lull. The Quakers, true to their nickname, lack a killer instinct. Harvard closed the gap to six. Penn called time out with 5:11 left and went into a slowdown. Little Biskis is an expert at dribbling, dribbling, dribbling and finally drawing a foul. Seldom does he miss a free throw at the end of a game. Wohl works the same system pretty well, too. There was no way the Crimson could get the ball away without fouling, and Penn stretched the lead to 75-60 so the bench could be cleared. The boos from the crowd did not bother the players at all.

Later Harter had nothing but compliments—for one half of the game. "The first half was our worst of the year," he said, "and the second was unquestionably the best half since I've been at Pennsylvania."

Wohl was asked if Penn really belonged in the national championship picture. "I thought that no matter where I went to school I could play with anybody," he said. "This team is composed of guys who feel like that. We've seen UCLA and South Carolina on TV. They're good, but we're not awed."

In a way Harter was awed by Harvard. "Woo," he said. "It would have been the end of the hair program if we'd lost to those guys."

I think some people can run with them—play their normal game—and beat them." That was just upside-down from Washington State's point of view. From trailing only 41-39 at halftime, the Cougars were convinced by a 95-71 pasting and gave out some satisfied testimonials afterward. But John Wooden agreed with Winker. "We played less as a team than we have in a long long time," he said.

USC got to see the same two teams and wasn't bored for a minute. Both Washington and Washington State led the Trojans with seven minutes left. Troy blew a 15-point halftime lead over the Huskies, and only the last-minute heroics of Guards Dennis Layton and Paul Westphal saved a 12-0 record. "Crude but effective," Trojan Coach Bob Boyd said in his review of the 79-72 thriller. He was smiling but breathing irregularly.

Oregon's Ducks, anything but cold this year, tramped on Stanford 82-72 and California 100-81. Oregon State lost to California 101-100 in overtime, then beat Stanford 88-70.

New Mexico got bailin for Friday night's misery (Brigham Young 72, NM 62), and Utah got heartburn when the two met again at Albuquerque on Saturday. It came down to the last 23 seconds with New Mexico one point ahead and Peie Gibson trying to hold on to the ball. When Utah's Eddie Trail went for it he was called for an intentional foul and then Utah Coach Jack Gardner drew a technical. Gibson went to the line and missed two. Willie Long missed the technical. Aw, . . . . But Utah committed another foul, sophomore Tommy Roberts sank two—and that matched Mike Newlin's last-seconds layin. Said Lobo Coach Bob King, "We lost this game eight times—and won it nine." The score: 78-77.

Utah State's Aggies, ranked 15th in the AP poll with a 10-2 record, defeated Denver 82-73.

1. UCLA (19-0) 2. USC (12-0)

## THE WEEK

by HAROLD PETERSON

**WEST** Tex Winker of Washington says he is not snowed by UCLA. After his Huskies doggedly chewed a 27-point UCLA lead down to a mere nine-point loss during the last six minutes Winker barked, "Off this game, I don't believe UCLA is as good right now as it was last year. They're not playing quite as cohesively.

**SOUTH** Maryland froze second-ranked South Carolina almost to death the Terrapins led 4-3 at halftime on a Howard White shot at the buzzer) and then routed the Gamecocks with not one but two come-from-behind finishes (the second overcoming a 30-25 Carolina lead with 24 seconds to go in overtime). The Terps' heroes were two sophomore guards, Howard White, a hot dog who showed up for a team picture with a derby and umbrella, and Jim O'Brien, a newly cool cat. O'Brien, it develops, has an ulcer. His doctor ordered him last week not to think about the game, "so I thought how nice it would be to spend the evening skating on the lake near my home in Falls Church

continued

[Va.]] White and O'Brien kept the Terps close until, in the last seconds, White hit another jumper to put Maryland within a basket, then missed a one-shot foul—only to have 6' 7" O'Brien lay it up and in. Over-time in the wilder finale, five points behind, O'Brien drove and scored with 16 seconds to play. White stole the S.C. inbound pass, and Dick Stobaugh scored. One point down, eight seconds to go. Another turnover, a pass, and O'Brien hit his sixth basket in six shots: 31-30 final score. As the net was cut down the home crowd sang Amen. Which was a lot better than fighting, as happened the last time the teams met.

South Carolina was also upset by North Carolina 79-64 in what was the big game of the week until Saturday. Forced out of their zone for the first time, the Gamecocks lost their first man this season on fouls and drew three technicals. They also lost their first game.

Western Kentucky defeated Eastern Kentucky 83-64 and Tennessee Tech 95-82, the former in front of Western's largest home crowd ever, 14,006. After another close win, this time at Mississippi State (79-71), Kentucky had its first easy victory of the year, beating Florida 101-75. The Wildcats celebrated by twice leaving 7' 2" Center Tom Payne alone to bring the ball down court. The second trip Payne, pressed, dribbled behind his back and the crowd went crazy.

In a 31-47 game too controlled even for the ball-hugging Volunteers, Tennessee shot only 34%, and was nearly upset by Georgia. Earlier the Vols throttled Mississippi's Johnny Neumann down to 26 points and won 98-85. Neumann upped his output to 37 points against Mississippi State—just seven points under his season's average and the Rebels won 83-74.

Jacksonville crushed Miami 124-82, aided by 20 points or more from Pembroke Burrows, Artis Gilmore, Harold Fox and Vaughn Wedeking, and by the performance of the Miami team plane, which was three hours late on a 40-minute flight.

1. W. KENTUCKY (11-1) 2. S. CAROLINA (10-3)

**MIDWEST** Marquette, bringing the visiting fathers up short, whipped Loyola 78-63 and Xavier 91-60. Loyola felt shortest around 6' 11" sophomore Jim Chones, who got 27 points, 12 rebounds, three assists and six blocked shots. "He looked like the top of a mountain out there," Coach Al McGuire said gleefully. Marquette's thrashing of Xavier was its 23rd straight victory—the longest current winning streak among major teams—and its 49th straight at Milwaukee Arena, both school records.

Kansas was taking a study break. Northwestern wished Indiana's George McGinnis would go read a book somewhere, too. The

6' 7" 235-pound sophomore from Indianapolis scored 38 points, snatched 23 rebounds and generally put words—extravagant words—in everybody's mouth. "Unbelievable," said Northwestern Coach Brad Snyder. "He has more physical talent than any other player I have seen in the Big Ten. Yes, more than Cazzie Russell." "George can go inside and outside or go down the middle and lay the ball in behind his back," said Indiana's Lew Watson. Snyder saw just one failing in McGinnis: he can't count to three. "The lane violation was not being called," he said. "Those guys were cramped in there and eating lunch." That might account for the fact that Indiana pulled down 34 more rebounds than Northwestern, which was losing by a mere 69-68 before the muscle began to tell. After the 101-90 final Snyder concluded, "I'm tired of playing good games against great teams and not winning."

Purdue barely got by Minnesota 83-76 after the Gophers had suspended high scorer Olle Shannon for missing practice. Taking up the slack, sophomore Jim Brewer scored 30 points and helped his team to a 37-32 halftime lead. But after four minutes of the second period Purdue was on top 45-42 and Minnesota was in foul trouble, mostly because of the muscular Purdue front line of George Faerber, William Franklin and Bob Ford. Purdue made 15 of 17 attempts in one-and-one foul situations, and Larry Weatherford scored 25 points, putting it away.

Illinois beat Michigan State 89-61, using four sophomores consistently and employing 14 players. Wisconsin lost to Michigan 90-89 on a last-second goaltending call, but beat Australia's indefatigable nationals wandering around the outback of Big Ten ball 94-63.

For the first time in 23 home games Drake lost, and to Tulsa 66-60, the last team to beat the Bulldogs in Des Moines. Now 8 and 5, Tulsa's Golden Hurricanes were led by Center Dana Lewis, who got 15 rebounds and blocked eight shots, and by Guard Steve Bracey, who got 21 points and stole the ball seven times. Louisville cheered up hospitalized Coach John Dromo with a 115-76 victory over Kentucky's Georgetown and a 90-72 win over North Texas State, but came a cropper for the second time this season when it lost to Memphis State 78-75.

1. MARQUETTE (11-0) 2. KANSAS (6-5)

**EAST** Although Penn continued to dominate the East, Fordham extended its unbeaten string to 12 with a 102-78 smashing of Holy Cross. Kevin Stacom of the taller Crusaders scored 28 points, but Charlie Yelverton's 16 and a total of 36 points from two sophomores,

Burt Woytowicz and Ken Charles, more than compensated.

St. Bonaventure, still operating without its most effective player, Matt Gantt, had to go without its other center, Tom Baldwin, against Kent State, conqueror of Purdue at Lafayette and loser of only three games by a total of just six points. The Bonnies won anyway 85-68. Unfortunately, three days earlier they were knocked off the undefeated list by Detroit, whose 7-5 record belies its fast improvement. Reviewing a defective first half, Detroit changed to a man-to-man defense from a zone, thereby overcoming an 11-point deficit and winning 75-73. "We're proving we can play under pressure," Detroit Coach Jim Harding said. Then he almost lost to Loyola of Chicago and added, "But a lot of it is self-inflicted."

Undriven by subzero temperatures and a big dedication-night crowd at North Dakota State's new fieldhouse, Villanova scorched North Dakota 103-63 and North Dakota State 94-64. State was able to shoot over Villanova's zone in the first half, but when the zone began collapsing against the drive-and-lade jump shooters, the Dakotans were smothered.

Villanova had less trouble in giving St. Peter's the gate. The Wildcats ran past St. Peter's so quickly, in fact, that they looked like the Villanova track team off to an early start in the indoor season. "Where's the defense?" St. Peter's Coach Don Kennedy kept screaming. What defense? St. Peter's, giving up an average of 98 points going into the game, lost 118-84. Said Villanova's Jack Kraft about the Peacocks' one-way game: "Let's say they gamble on your missing."

Brown was eased out of an almost unprecedented Ivy League lead by Columbia 79-74. Previously a loser only to high-ranked South Carolina and Tennessee, Providence was beaten rather soundly by Boston College 83-71. Coach Dave Gavitt, who had implied before the game, perhaps a trifle too broadly, that Providence was the best team in New England, was reduced to saying afterward, "At least we'll never have to face Jimmy D'Orsi again." O'Brien, the Eagle captain, scored 28 points. Boston College has now upset Providence: Harvard at Boston Garden; St. John's at Jamaica, Queens and Davidson on its Charlotte court. Or is upset the correct word? Undefeated Massachusetts (10-0) was idle.

La Salle, now 9-1, walked away from Temple with a 63-58 victory when the Dais committed four turnovers and managed to hit just one field goal in the last four minutes. Niagara salvaged a 61-55 victory over Canisius in Buffalo, changing from a zone to a man-to-man in the last eight minutes to forestall a Canisius slowdown.

1. PENN (11-0) 2. FORDHAM (12-0)

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## Chips, chops, drops and lobs

**Bobby Riggs, once Peck's Bad Boy of the tennis world, is back as a senior and a bit more mellow—but not averse to hustling an opponent**

He has gained a pound or two around the middle and lost a step or two getting to the net, but the grin is as impish as ever and the duckfoot shuffle just as distinct. There is no mistaking exactly who he is—at least with a tennis racket in his right hand. After almost 20 years away from regular tournament competition Bobby Riggs is back, and the bushy-haired senior circuit has taken on a new

sparkle. If Riggs has his way, as subsequently will be revealed, his emergence from retirement may ultimately add new sparkle to the ladies' pro tour as well.

Riggs has just been missing, not forgotten. How could anyone really forget Bobby Riggs? The Great Retriever? The little man in the short pants who whipped all those big smash-bang fellows in the long white flannels simply by knocking back all their best shots again and again with an assortment of chips and chops and drops and lobs? Little Bobby, who made strong men seethe and antifans pour out to see him trounced?

Not that the cocky little man got trounced very often. He won the U.S. Boys' Doubles title, the U.S. Junior title and the men's singles at Forest Hills twice. In his first visit to Wimbledon, in 1939, Riggs won the men's singles and the doubles and mixed doubles. He tacked on four professional championships. Finally he faded from the scene in 1949 after a punishing 15-month world tour with the new king of tennis, Jack Kramer—although he breathed one last gasp by returning home from the tour to win the national pro championship for the last time, defeating favored Don Budge in a four-set final.

Riggs was never a terribly popular winner. He bragged about his own game and goaded opponents about theirs. He outskicked people with his gamesmanship as well as with his shotmaking. He hustled friends and strangers out of their money at tennis, craps, backgammon, dominoes, poker, table tennis, golf, marbles and even at flipping coins, but usually with a bravado that was somehow engaging.

"No one who knew Bobby could really dislike him," says another player who was winning national titles during that same era. "We all regarded him as a

naughty boy who did naughty things."

"I like to bet on us close to a sure thing as you can find," Riggs once said, but he also liked to have some fun winning his sure thing. He would play you tennis for \$500 while carrying a suitcase or an umbrella in his left hand, sitting in a chair between shots or walking to them or even tied to his doubles partner. Stories about Riggs make up a large part of the mythology of hustling.

So this was how Riggs got his sporting jollies—and some nice change—after Kramer drove him off the pro circuit. Meanwhile he also applied his energies to sports promotion, handling the dramatic Kramer vs. Gonzales tour of 1949 (a brilliant success) and a major league baseball barnstorming tour (a notable failure). He added golf to his repertoire, divorced his first wife and remarried, joined his new in-laws' business, the American Photograph Corporation, became its executive vice-president and raised a family of five boys and one girl. And all the while he dreamed of the day that real tournament tennis would go open and he could play full time again.

Riggs was looking very content and prosperous the other day. He wore a glen-plaid sports jacket, a light-blue shirt, dark-blue tie, charcoal-gray slacks, black pebbled loafers and tortoise-shell-framed eyeglasses as he sat behind the wide mahogany desk in his Great Neck, N.Y. office and smoked a cigar the size of a can of tennis balls.

"Looking back, I'm almost mad at myself for quitting when I did," he said. "I should have hung in tooth and nail. I don't like the route I decided to take. You know—if you can't be the champ, to hell with it. That's wrong thinking. But Kramer had established such a clear-cut supremacy I finally had to admit to myself that he was better, which is also wrong thinking. Being No. 2 or No. 3 was not an appealing situation to me. I just didn't seem to have that desire. I thought it would be much better to be a promoter. I could still make deals and smoke big cigars. Be in the act in some way. My ego was still being fulfilled. It made it easier not to be the champ."

Easier but still not easy. Riggs concentrated on his golf and puddle tennis, winning the U.S. puddle tennis championship in 1960, but these outlets didn't



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go very far toward quenching his thirst for competition. In 1968, when tennis turned open, Riggs was right there at the door with his racket at the ready.

"It was a whole new world to me," he said. "I'd often gone six, eight weeks without even holding a racket in my hand. Now I put my golf clubs in the back of the closet, took up jogging and began playing an awful lot of tennis again. I'm very fit. There is hardly anyone my age, 52, who is as fit as I am."

Even as a youngster Bobby Riggs seemed destined to become the archetypal senior player. Officially a player's senior career cannot begin until he is 45, a time of life when muscle and bone, with only a few exceptions, have become too creaky for effective handling of the big serve, the smash, the killing volley. The bread-and-butter strokes of senior tournament play are more likely to be tantalizing lobs, clever drop shots, maddeningly soft cuts and chops. At its worst, a game between two cautious seniors can deteriorate into what is known on the circuit as a softballing match, an endless duel of high lobs that continues for 60, 80, even 100 shots before a point is won. At its best, however, a game between two deftly confident senior players can achieve high excitement and produce the kind of shotmaking a great many weekend players might do well to emulate. A high degree of shamelessness is required to serve up some of the butterfly pop shots that are so often seen in a senior match, but they win points and, for the spectator, can also provide a refreshing change from serve, volley, smash.

Riggs has never flinched from the necessity of hitting a butterfly pop shot. Billy Talbert, a pretty good senior player himself, once described Riggs in his prime as "a player with no real weakness—and no real strengths, either, except the all-important one: he got the ball into the court. He returned everything. His own shots were delivered like the pitches of such baseball 'junk artists' as Preacher Roe of the Dodgers and Eddie Lopat of the Yankees—with a baffling variety of speeds. He was the percentage player par excellence."

With these qualifications it is not surprising that Bobby was an almost instant success when he joined the seniors. Riggs' debut was delayed somewhat when he

*continued*

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put his right hand through a glass window and severely gashed his thumb on the eve of the 1968 Wimbledon tournament, but in 1969 he swept the courts—grass, cement, clay, what have you—clean. He won the U.S. senior singles and went undefeated in every major national or sectional tournament he entered. Last year he hit something of a down note by losing his U.S. singles title and was put out in the semifinals of the Forest Hills Invitational Open. But his only defeats on grass were administered by foreign players and he will still rank among the top three in the U.S.

"Senior tennis is like the younger game in slow motion," says Riggs. "It is much more of a backcourt game. The player who had a big game in his prime finds it harder to play that same game as a senior. But any senior who could lob well when he was young can still hit a good lob. The drop shots and lobs are very effective in senior tennis. I've lost one or two steps covering the court, and I can't get my racket up fast enough to handle the dynamite serve. My reflexes at the net are a little slower. But I still have great touch and control. I can lob well and put good spin on the ball. If I can get to the ball in plenty of time there is no loss in accuracy."

Two other qualities that have not diminished through the years are Riggs' furious desire to win and the skillful gamesmanship he employs to aid in satisfying that desire. Riggs himself cites a match he played early in the 1969 Pacific Southwest Seniors against Charles Lass, a middle-ranked Californian whose strong suit was steadiness. In its way it was as much of a competitive classic as some of the matches the young Riggs had played against Budge, Frank Kovacs, Don McNeill and Kramer. Not that it started out that way. Just before the match Riggs met Arthur Ashe in the locker room and out of curiosity borrowed one of those gray aluminum-and-fiber-glass rackets of Arthur's that looks like a snowshoe. It was much too stiff for Bobby's soft game, and Lass won the first set 6-0.

"I was really trying to play," says Riggs. "Really trying *hard*. I thought, 'Hot damn, what can I do here. I'll just have to try harder.'" He also changed rackets.

What happened then was that Riggs

and Lass fell into a marathon softballing duel. The match had started at about 11 a.m., and as it pattered into the afternoon word spread around the Los Angeles Tennis Club, where the tournament was being held, and the course crowd began to grow bigger and bigger.

"I've lost my confidence," said Riggs in his office, discussing the Lass match. "I'm not even hitting close to the lines, because I'm scared and he's hitting from corner to corner, running me ragged. By sheer determination, giving it the old college try, I win the second set something like 7-5, and then we go the locker room for a 10-minute rest, which is pretty welcome."

Riggs fell behind 3-5 in the last set and, he claims, was running so much he developed blisters on both feet. He sent to the pro shop for a new pair of tennis shoes and two pairs of fresh socks. The rest, while he changed into his new footgear, was pretty welcome, too. There were those present unkind enough to suggest that Riggs was trying to relieve acute exhaustion, not sore feet. When he got back out on the court Riggs suddenly seemed to be having trouble picking up loose tennis balls, and these suspicions were confirmed. Senior tournaments seldom provide the luxury of ball boys, and every time Riggs bent over to pick up a ball he somehow clumsily stubbed it with his toe, bouncing it into a far corner of the court. Then he'd slowly amble after it.

"Sure, some people interpreted this as gamesmanship," says Riggs. "I was tired, and it took time to change my shoes. I couldn't have done that at Wimbledon. I was stretching the rules a little. But it was real tough, we were having long rallies, and Lass had the stamina of a marathon runner. I'm wheezing and puffing, walking over to the corner to pick up balls. If it means I catch my breath, well, that's O.K. I'm old and tired. As long as I don't make it ridiculous. Some of the crowd started to root against me, but what did they want me to do? Run back and forth like crazy and then run to the net to congratulate Lass for winning? It was more important to try hard even if this meant stalling a bit. I'm not trying to prove I'm a good loser. Anyway, after about 65 shots were hit during one rally he hit a cross-court shot into the doubles al-

ley and I won 10-8. The match lasted for something like 4½ hours. Call what I did senior tactics if you like, but Lass never said a word about it."

Lass, apparently, was deficient in an area where Riggs also excels. "Riggs is a big talker and can talk you out of the game before the match," says Torsten Johansson, a former Swedish Davis Cup player and the current U.S. senior titleholder. "When I played him in the 1969 championship in Philly I won the first set 6-1 and began wondering if I was the best player in the whole world. Riggs convinced me I was. He told me I played a fantastic game and fed me that line of talk. I lost the match 6-1, 2-6, 3-6."

The senior circuit is beginning to throng with name players from the past. Vic Seixas, Tom Brown, Gardnar Mulloy, Antonio Palafox, Frank Parker and Jaroslav Drobný rank with Riggs at the top. And a senior player with the time and money can easily find about 20 good tournaments to play in each year. The play, as Riggs suggests, may take place in something akin to slow motion, but its quality is high. Riggs, in fact, is ready to challenge the top women pros, Billie Jean King and Margaret Court.

"It would be close on grass," he says, "but on any other surface I could take them in a one-set match, two out of three or three out of five. I don't think they'd be able to overpower me. I'm a pretty smart tactician. I'd just play my regular game, play them from a defensive point of view. I'd use my excellent lob and drop shot and my good ball control. Billie Jean and Margaret are both forcing players, and they wouldn't have the degree of safety they'd need. I'd be getting their shots back, forcing them out of their natural rhythm and into an unfamiliar defensive pattern. I'd counterpunch, keep the ball at their feet, force them to overhit and to press. It would be close. Maybe they're better than I think they are."

Another fresh cigar had materialized in Riggs' fingers, and he puffed on it, smiling at the prospect of such a match. It would be a good show, whatever the result.

"I'm willing to put my money where my mouth is," he said.

How about you, Billie Jean? Wanna bet?

END

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## The L.A. Open dresses up in Glen's plaids

By the time they got to Rancho, the pros found the venerable tournament had taken on a bright new celebrity image, and burly Bob Lunn found himself winning a sudden-death playoff with Billy Casper

The amazing thing is that nobody thought of calling it the Laurel and Hardy-Los Angeles Open years ago, back in the 1930s, back when Bing Crosby invented golf. I would have been perfect. The first event of the tour each January, out in the Golden West. Why should all of the other tournaments have names like the Crosby, the Hope, the Andy Williams, the Danny Thomas and-once-the Sinatra, but never the one that starts it all off? Thoughtless is what it was. The L.A. Open deserved better, and happily it finally got it last week as another golf circuit got under way, with all sorts of celebrities and Bobby Greenwoods flowing by the rivers and movin' on the back roads of Glen Campbell's mind.

Actually the Glen Campbell-L.A. Open, as it was renamed just in time for 1971, offers pro golf a number of other creative possibilities. Celebrities of all kinds are probably tired of having nothing but their pet diseases to promote. Diseases are sometimes cured, but the golf tour never ends. In fact, it seemed like only about 45 minutes ago that the 1970 tour closed in the Bahamas, and suddenly here was a new year, another \$7 million in prize money up for crooning or joke-telling, and everybody looking forward to the string of events named after comedians and singers. Hereafter, if they got them renamed in time, you can come to the Dick Cavett-PGA Championship, the Robert Redford-Masters, the John Lennon-British Open and the Open Championship of the U.S. Golf Association in cooperation with Phyllis Diller.

Well, it might be easy to poke fun at, but it is also good business. The L.A. Open out there at Rancho Park hadn't created so much excitement since the Colonel Sanders fried-chicken place moved in across Pico Boulevard. Waves of folks came out on Wednesday to see as glittering a pro-am as there ever was

and then stayed on through the week for the tournament proper.

A couple of fellows who had never won bug managed to have the heaviest influence on the tournament for the opening three days. First there was Bob E. Smith of Sacramento, who shot a 66 and led Billy Casper and Tommy Shaw for the first-round lead. And then he shot a 69 to take the halfway lead all by himself. Smith led everyone to believe he knew a dark secret about the game. "I don't want to talk about it," he said. "It's something I found out last week, something about mental attitude."

That was on Friday. On Saturday he found out about something else he didn't want to talk about: a four-putt green and some double bogeys. That gave him a 75 and put him out of the whole thing, back where one normally finds a name like Bob E. Smith.

This paved the way for Bobby Greenwood, who comes from Cookeville, Tenn., reads the Bible and looks like a tall Dave Marr. He walked into the press room that afternoon and, having never been near one, couldn't think of anything to say except, "Hey! There's my wife over there!" Greenwood was asked what he would do in the final round, taking his three-stroke lead up against the Trevinos, Caspers, Lunn and Walhe—the familiar contenders who were grouped closely behind him.

"Worry a lot," he said.

If he did, it didn't seem to bother him until the last few holes on Sunday. Then Casper and Bob Lunn charged past and into a sudden-death playoff that Lunn captured on the fourth extra hole, thus denying Casper an encore to his first-place finish of 1970.

But if the Smiths and Greenwoods were worrying a lot and the Caspers finally faltering, Glen Campbell was having a ball. He'd invited a bunch of celebrities to come out and play golf in the pro-am either at Rancho Park or Brentwood.

He must have asked me. Somebody figured there were exactly 104 celebrities on hand, with golf clubs to swing and ballpoint pens for signing autographs.

The more cynical may have felt that a few of them weren't exactly celebrated, since nobody could recognize them. But there were plenty everybody knew. Bob Hope, for one. Hope played with Arnold Palmer, who was getting off to what has become a typical Palmer year. After he finished his pro-am round with Hope on Wednesday, a helicopter arrived to whisk the twosome down to San Clemente for dinner with the President. Then, in the first official round Thursday Palmer picked up a beer can beside his ball and got himself a two-stroke penalty.

"Everybody used to say to me, 'Glad you won the tournament,'" Palmer remarked, "and now they say, 'How's the President?' and 'Glad you made the cut.'"

The mere fact that Hope showed up had the Los Angeles Junior Chamber of Commerce, Glen's co-sponsor for the tournament, ecstatic. As Tournament Chairman Bob Wilman put it, "The biggest things that have happened to me were finding out that Glen wanted to co-sponsor the tournament, getting it on national television and seeing Bob Hope in our pro-am."

For the autograph seekers Wednesday was overwhelming. Hope. Dean Martin. Buddy Hackett. Glen himself. Andy Williams, and so forth. And sports guys. Jerry Quarry. Jan Stenerud. John McKay. Claude Osken. Pat Studnitz. Wow. Jack Kramer. Tom Harmon. Robert Goulet. Efrem Zimbalist. Wow. Frankie Avalon. Ray Bolger. Police Chief Ed Davis. You're busted. Buck Owens. Pat Boone. Buddy Greco. Fred MacMurray. Vic Damone. Dick Martin. Robert Stack. Shaw Glisk. Who? You know, the writer fellas. Bob Newhart. Don Newcombe. Morey Amsterdam. You're

continued

kidding. Clint Eastwood. Richard Arlen. Oh, stop it.

It was gala. And it would probably cost Glen only about \$25,000 for "loose ends." Nothing. Write it off. "It's partly promotion," a man in the agency business said, sitting in the candy-striped tent that passed for a clubhouse at Rancho Park and watching the Fred MacMurrays amble by. "They all need it. You don't stop needing it. Glen has a show, right? On CBS, right? He likes golf, right? The L.A. Open can use a boost, right? It was a natural."

It was so natural that it could have been the Glen Campbell-Phoenix Open. Joe Curl, a CBS vice-president in charge of West Coast sales and a golf nut, tried to sell the tie-up to Phoenix—you know, *Be the First to Get to Phoenix*. Glen Campbell and like that—but Phoenix said no. "We got a nice little tournament here," they told Curl, "and we don't want it to get out of hand."

Bob Wileman, in L.A., had the same idea as Curl at about the same time. He

talked to Curl, who went to Glen Campbell's manager, a fellow named Nick Sevano, who knew show biz but didn't know golf. Curl outlined the idea.

"How much?" asked Nick Sevano.

"Huh?" asked Curl.

"How much do we get paid?"

Curl said, "You'd better speak to Glen about it because I'm going to, and he'll love it."

Glen Campbell loved it. He loved it so much that he would like to see the L.A. Open, now the oldest regular tour event (1926) in existence outside of the Western Open and the major championships, moved back up in class. Which means moving it perhaps to Riviera, the best course in town. Maybe Glen himself might pay Riviera whatever the club wants to be the host, and then maybe Glen Campbell can step up with a good course, like Bing with Pebble Beach and Cypress Point and Andy with Torrey Pines and Hope with La Quinta and Tamarisk and so forth.

Said Campbell, "It really is sort of

an honor for anybody to want to name a golf tournament after you. I'm a rhythm picker, man, who spent 10 years tryin' to be an overnight success. Now here I am with Arnie and the folks."

Campbell could take some pride in the fact that so many of his show-biz friends came to play golf and then hung around to watch the action of the tournament. It was, in fact, a tribute to his personal charm.

Joe Dey, the commissioner of professional golf, was on hand, and he acknowledged that Glen Campbell's name alone had pumped a lot of life into the start of another tour. "We wouldn't have allowed them to name it after just anybody," Joe said, indicating that the Boris Karloff-L.A. Open might have been going over the green and into a bunker.

"There's a place for corporate identity, civic identity, charity identity and celebrity identity on the tour," he said. "This was the place for Glen Campbell."

And, Joe might have added, for Bob Lunn, too.

END

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# AN ASSESSMENT OF



*Is the black athlete's long stride better than his white counterpart? And if not, what accounts for the immense success of the black in American sport during the past two decades? Scientists are searching for the answers to such questions and, as they probe for true racial distinctions, fascinating theories have evolved, many of them controversial*

# 'BLACK IS BEST'

by MARTIN KANE



ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAVID NOVES

The success of the black athlete in America is even greater than Branch Rickey thought it might be on that day in the 1940s when he was inspired to introduce to baseball's clustered world the very special skills of Jackie Robinson. Until then the black man had won sporting prestige primarily in prizefighting and in track, and not too much in track, because college coaches then were recruiting few black athletes.

But consider what has happened since Jackie Robinson jogged out to first base at Ebbets Field:

- In basketball three of the five players named to the 1969-70 All-NBA team were black, as were all five of the players named to the All-Rookie team. Blacks have won the

league's Most Valuable Player award 12 times in the past 13 seasons.

- In pro football all four 1969 Rookie of the Year awards for offense and defense were won by blacks.

- In baseball black men have won the National League's MVP award 16 times in the past 22 seasons.

- Twenty-six years ago there were no blacks on any of the big-league basketball, football or baseball professional team rosters, though on rare occasions in the past, basketball, baseball and football had used black players. Today there are 150 blacks out of 600 players in major league baseball, 330 out of 1,040 in football and 153 out of 280 in basketball. Of the players on the professional leagues' 1969-70

continued

all-star teams, 36% in baseball were black, 44% in football and 63% in basketball.

It is clear that the black community in the U.S. is not just contributing more than its share of participants to sport. It is contributing immensely more than its share of stars. Black athletes accounted for all eight Olympic records set by U.S. runners at Mexico City in 1968, which led a European coach to observe: "If not for the blacks, the U.S. team would finish somewhere behind Ecuador."

As American black athletes have achieved world recognition they have stirred competitive instincts in their ancestral Africa. Africa's first Gallup-type poll was taken in 1965. Seven thousand Africans were asked what man—politician, writer or sportsman—would they consider as African of the Year. Ethiopia's Abebe Bikila, first black African ever to win an Olympic gold medal—he won the marathon in 1960 and '64—was elected. Now he has lots of victorious company. In the 1968 Games, Ethiopia's Mamo Wolde won the marathon, and three Kenyans—Kipchoge Keino, Naftali Temu and Amos Biwott—took gold medals in the 1,500 meters, the 10,000 meters and the steeplechase respectively.

In the 1960 Games the emerging nations won one gold and one silver medal. In 1964 they took one gold and three bronze. In 1968 they won four gold, seven silver and three bronze medals. Indeed, at Mexico City only four men won more than a single medal in individual track events, and three of them were from black Africa—Keino, Wolde and Temu. The other was Mohamed Gammoudi of Tunisia. Overall, in men's track and field, black runners and jumpers from Africa, the Americas and Europe accounted for 40 of 90 medals (including the relays), and they won 11 of the 24 events.

In only one sport, thoroughbred racing, has the role of the American black declined over the years. This was the first sport in which any considerable number of blacks became prominent. The first Kentucky Derby, run in 1875, had 15 jockeys, 14 of them black. In the first 28 runnings of the Derby black jockeys brought in 15 winners. The first jockey ever to win back-to-back Derbies was a Negro, Isaac Murphy, in 1890 and '91. His total of three Derby victories was unequaled for 39 years and unsurpassed for 57. Other noted black jockeys were Willie Simms, who won the Belmont in 1893 and '94, the Derby in 1896 and '98 and the Preakness in 1898, and Jimmy Winkfield, who won the Derby in 1901 and '02 and finished second and third in his other two rides.

Today there are no top American black jockeys and very few of any ranking. This has happened in part because, as one trainer puts it, "they have become too big." It also happened because horse racing, a socially exclusive sport, at some point decided to exclude black riders from its hierarchy. Latin American jockeys are tops in thoroughbred racing now.

Despite Charlie Sifford, Arthur Ashe and Althea Gibson, golf and tennis have seen few outstanding black athletes—there is a marked shortage of country clubs in ghettos. Nor does the young black have a significant opportunity to learn skiing, sailing, swimming or hockey. Environmental factors have a great deal to do with excellence in sport.

But so do physical differences, and there is an increasing body of scientific opinion which suggests that physical differences in the races might well have enhanced the athletic potential of the Negro in certain events.

This is not so much a matter of height and weight as of body proportions. Researchers have found that the black American, on the average, tends to have a shorter trunk, a more slender pelvis, longer arms (especially forearms) and longer legs (especially from the knees down) than his white counterpart. His bones are denser, and therefore heavier, than those of whites. He has more muscle in the upper arms and legs, less in the calves. There is reason to believe that his fat distribution is patterned differently from that of the white man—leaner extremities but not much difference in the trunk. And there is a trifle of evidence—this aspect has been studied so little that it still is in the highly speculative state—that the black man's adrenal glands, a vital factor in many sports, are larger than the white man's.

At the Rome Olympics in 1960, and previously at the British Empire and Commonwealth Games in 1958, Dr. J. M. Tanner measured, photographed and X-rayed 137 track and field athletes and a number of weight lifters and wrestlers. His findings were reported in *The Physique of the Olympic Athlete* (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London). They concluded that "Amongst competitors in both track and field events there were large significant racial differences in leg length, arm length and hip width."

Black sprinters, Tanner's team found, averaged 86.2 centimeters in leg length while white sprinters averaged 83. Similar differences were noted in arm length, but the sitting height of the blacks averaged 92.5 compared with the whites' 93.5. The blacks' hip width averaged 26.8 centimeters, and the whites', 28.5. "The ratio of leg length to sitting height for sprinters, 400-meter runners and high jumpers averaged 0.88, 0.92 and 0.93 in whites, and 0.93, 0.97 and 1.01 in Negroes," they reported. "Evidently the Negroes have longer limbs and narrower hips than the whites, even at approximately the same overall size. In the comparison of Negro and white weight lifters exactly the same three differences occurred."

Tanner's group also discovered a "distinct difference in the composition of the Negro calf compared with that of the white, in both sprinters and 400-meter men. The Negroes have wider bones and narrower muscles. In the 400-meter competitors, for example, the Negro tibia breadth averages 4.5 centimeters compared with

the white's 4.2 cm., in calf muscle breadth the Negroes average 7.4 cm. and the whites 7.9 cm. In fat also the Negroes are lower.

"In total arm circumference Negroes are just significantly greater than whites, and in total subcutaneous fat they are significantly less.

"Thus there are clearly racial differences in measurements, and we must not lump these different populations together," Tanner reported.

Without reference to race, the study found that 400-meter men are large and marathon men small. Middle-distance runners tend to have long legs, marathoners short legs. Like their white counterparts, black sprinters are also relatively short-legged compared with black middle-distance runners.

"A short leg can be moved more rapidly than a long one," the study observed. "Alternatively, the short legs may not be directly associated with the high speed but, indirectly, through an association with the large muscles also characteristic of the sprinter. In an analysis of the body measurements of ordinary students, we found that men with big muscles had relatively short legs. This comes about during growth as a result of muscular boys maturing and ceasing growth slightly earlier than others. As the legs are growing relatively faster than the trunk just before puberty, an early puberty deprives them of further increments more than it does the trunk. It is for the physical educationist to analyze whether the lever effect or the large muscle size is of greater importance in sprinting, practically, the two go together.

"This explanation would not hold for the long-distance runners; here it seems certain that short legs confer some mechanical and physiological advantage. The walkers also have short legs, and perhaps the speed of movement of the ankle is of first importance to them as to the sprinter. A long-legged man spends too much time with his feet in the air. The few 110-meter hurdlers, be it noted, do not have the short legs of their flanking companions. The hurdler has to clear the hurdles, and a center of gravity high above the ground is imperative for him. Only a very large hurdler indeed could afford to have short legs relative to his trunk. This is an event where one might expect, and within limits, one obeys, Negro predominance."

Other studies found further physical differences in the races. Albert Damon of Harvard University's department of anthropology, writing in *Human Biology*, reported on an anthropometric survey undertaken at Fort Devens, Mass. with respect to lung function. The study covered 529 Army drivers.

"On forced expiration," the article reported, "the vital capacity of some 30 soldiers approached or exceeded the six-liter limit of the recording machine. Surprisingly, none of these 30 pulmonary athletes was a Negro, although at

least five Negroes might have been expected, since 17% of the soldiers were Negroes and since the Negroes as a group seemed to try as hard as the whites, [and] were no smaller and were actually more muscular and stronger."

While stressing the importance of social, cultural and motivational factors that have kept the black man from excelling in some sports, Dr. Edward E. Hunt Jr., professor of anthropology at Pennsylvania State University, has noted that the black athlete has "hyperextensibility—or what the lay man might call being double-jointed."

"The Negro has more tendon and less muscle than the white," he said. "The black man's heel doesn't protrude as much and his leg and foot give him tremendous leverage for jumping."

On the other hand, since the black athlete tends to have less body fat, Dr. Hunt observed, his muscles tend to get chilled sooner in cold climates, and this might affect his performance in such sports as ice hockey, or football when played in extreme northern areas.

Then there is the theory of Lloyd (Bud) Winter, the former San Jose State track coach, who holds that black athletes "have a distinctive ability to relax under pressure."

"Their antagonistic muscles—the muscles that extend—



stay loose," he says. "I remember one of my quarter-milers, Thelmo Knowles. I kept saying to him, automatically, to stay loose. One day Thelmo answered, 'Coach, if I relax any more I'm going to fall in a heap.'"

"What heritage or heredity brought the black athlete this ability to keep out tension, no one knows. Yet, prior to the big day the black athlete, as a rule, can go through his daily motions or his sleep period normally, and when the big moment comes he can react normally. In white athletes the conscious mind often takes over and the tensions mount."

Winter makes the quite obvious point that black athletes differ from each other physically quite as much as whites do, regardless of the averages, which are what scientific studies are concerned with. He notes that Ray Norton, a sprinter, was tall and skinny with scarcely discernible hips, that Bobby Poynter, also a sprinter, was squat and dumpy with a swayback and a big butt, that Dennis Johnson was short and wiry, that Tommie Smith was tall and wiry, and so on. What they had in common, in Winter's experience, was "that looseness and limberness."

"I don't mean agility here," he explains. "I mean the quality of remaining limber, as you can note in the way they dance. A limber athlete has body control, and body control is part of athletic skill. It is obvious that many black people have some sort of head-start motor in them, but for now I can only theorize that their great advantage is relaxation under stress. As a class the black athletes that have trained with me are far ahead of the whites in that one factor—relaxation under pressure. It is their secret."

A similar concept is held by Coach Stan Dowell of Silver Creek High School in San Jose, Calif., a man who has worked with Lee Evans, John Carlos, Tommie Smith and Clifton McNeil, among others.

"The black athletes," he says, "have an ability to let their bodies go—you know, they hang everything loose. They walk loose, they dance loose, they are loose. You see it easily in their dancing. Their knees aren't stiff."

"I've discussed this with Lee, Carlos and Smith—about letting their bodies go. I think it is linked with the suppressed life of the black man in America. Their emotions come out in their bodies, and we notice this kind of expression develops body muscle control. Have you noticed how, when they're dancing or playing games, their heads seem to flop around? It's magnificent."

"White kids haven't had to live under an oppressive burden, but white kids are so much more aware of conventional things, of Emily Post and timetables and being right, or of being checked on by parents or teachers about doing right."

In short, many authorities say that there are marked physical differences among athletes in the various sports and that blacks differ significantly from whites in some

aspects—including the motivational and cultural—which permit them to exceed whites athletically in certain events.

Some extensive work in this area has been done by Dr. Robert M. Malina, assistant professor of anthropology at the University of Texas. On the point of physical proportions Dr. Malina cites well-known findings which suggest that animals living in hot climates tend to have longer extremities and a lesser body mass in order to dissipate heat. With their long legs and arms, blacks have a greater surface area from which to dissipate heat through the skin.

(A striking example is to be found in the ear size of various types of foxes living in different climates. The Arctic fox has tiny ears, the common fox of the temperate zones slightly larger ones and the desert fox has very big ears, permitting him to radiate heat faster.)

Dr. Malina makes the point, too, that the American black is a member of a relatively recent taxonomic group that came into existence some 300 to 350 years ago. In speaking of differences between peoples, many anthropologists do not refer to races. They talk of populations. The so-called Negro race, a term now out of fashion, actually consists of many different kinds of peoples, ranging from the Watusi to the pygmy. Some break down the African populations into three groups: north of the Sahara, the 1,500-mile-wide arc south of the Sahara (black Africa) and the southern tip of the continent.

The black Africans on the east coast—the Ethiopians, Kenyans and others—have a genetic mix. Keino is a man with black skin and many white features. So is Bikila. It is a cliché in American track to say that black runners are good only in the sprints and the shorter runs, which is where they have distinguished themselves. This is not true of blacks from East Africa—but the American black's ancestors came mostly from the west coast, where there was little genetic contact from outside. This area of Africa is pretty much isolated by ocean and desert. The American black athlete's breeding is different from that of the East Africans, who often excel at distance running.

John Velzian, the British coach of the Kenya track team a few years ago when Keino was just coming into prominence, has noted (SI, Dec. 19, 1966) that there are not only physical but environmental differences among the tribes of Kenya, and these differences greatly affect an athlete's ability to perform. But one thing they all have in common is severe living conditions.

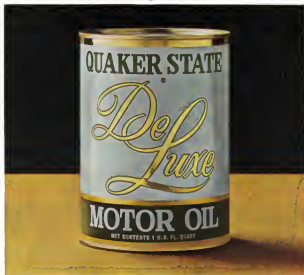
The same is true of the bulk of American black athletes and their ancestors, both in this country and in Africa. Calvin Hill, black Yale graduate and Dallas Cowboys running back, puts it this way:

"I have a theory about why so many pro stars are black. I think it all boils down to the survival of the fittest. Think of what the African slaves were forced to endure in this country merely to survive. Well, black athletes are their descendants. They are the offspring of

*continued*



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those who are physically and mentally tough enough to survive."

Lee Evans, Olympic and world 400-meter record holder, agrees. Asked why black Americans have produced so extraordinarily disproportionate a number of the highest-class athletes in the world, he replies:

"We were bred for it. Certainly the black people who survived in the slave ships must have contained a high proportion of the strongest. Then, on the plantations, a strong black man was mated with a strong black woman. We were simply bred for physical qualities."

It might be that even without special breeding the African has a superior physique. A British medical journal, *The Lancet*, published an article by a World Health Organization team reporting that healthy Uganda infants had muscular development patterns "equal to that of European children twice or three times their age." Out of 107 black babies, averaging three days in age, 90 were able to prevent their heads from falling back when they were drawn up to a sitting position. European infants could do this only when they reached the age of eight to 12 weeks.

Other tests also have shown that the black newborn is more advanced than the white. For example, Dr. Richard A. Berger, member of the department of health, physical education and recreation of Temple University, and Major Robert L. Paradis, who teaches in the ROTC program at Texas Tech University, collaborated on a study of 30 white and 30 black students matched in age and socioeconomic level. Their findings, published in *The Research Quarterly* of the American Association for Health, Physical Education and Recreation, were that the average performances of black students indicated a higher fitness level than those of the white students "on all test items and on the composite fitness score."

"However," they added, "the only means [averages] which were significantly different were shuttle run, 50-yard dash, 600-yard run and composite fitness score in favor of the black students."

D. G. Barker and N. A. Pontthaux of Texas A&M University, testing grade-school youngsters, found that "Negro boys' fitness scores remained significantly higher with respect to pull-ups, standing broad jump, 50-

yard dash, softball throw and 600-yard run-walk." Negro schoolgirls surpassed white girls to a significant extent on five of the seven fitness tests.

Such research comparing black and white children is surprisingly limited, but the notion that the black child has a stronger early physical development is gaining support. Dr. Malina conducted a study in Philadelphia on children between the ages of 6 and 12 and found that blacks ran faster and were better in the standing broad jump, but there were no differences in throwing ability. Other studies have found that black children are stronger in gripping, pushing and pulling. Dr. Malina

observes that one grim factor behind the apparent precocity of black children might well be the higher infant mortality rate among blacks—the weak die off, leaving the strong or more mature to survive.

But what of the measurable physical differences between blacks and whites that could affect their competitive performances? Since American blacks are generally linear in build, with longer arms and legs, a narrower pelvis and more slender calves, says Dr. Malina, they may have special advantages in some events. Mechanically speaking, a

black athlete with legs identical to those of a white athlete would have a lighter, shorter and trimmer mass to propel. This implies a greater power-to-total-weight ratio at any given size. Such a ratio would be advantageous in events in which the body is propelled—the sprints and jumps, for example. These require relatively short bursts of muscular power rather than a prolonged expenditure of energy. (However, the greater weight and density of the black skeleton might tend to offset this advantage.)

Such things might indicate that the black should do well in the pole vault, as he does in the jumping events. As a matter of fact, Dr. Tanner, author of *The Physique of the Olympic Athlete*, wrote: "The pole vault, too, should be particularly attractive, as the length and power of the arms would add to the advantage already present in the weight relations; but here the American Negro does not particularly excel, perhaps only for reasons of tradition."

There is at least one sport in which the black appears to be at a physical disadvantage. No Negro has done really well at swimming. Perhaps because of the greater density



*continued*

of their bone and muscle, the distribution of their fat and their smaller lung capacity certain blacks have difficulty in learning to swim. Such individuals are what swimming coaches call "sinkers." The late Fred Lanoue, Georgia Tech swimming coach and author of *Drown-proofing, A New Technique for Water Safety*, notes that "the variables of the body as far as floating is concerned are fat, bone and muscle; and if the body is living, air."

"All fat floats," he wrote, "and, generally speaking but not always, the amount of fat present is what determines whether one floats or not. The location of concentrations of fat has a lot to do with the angle at which a person floats. All muscle sinks, even a 55 steak, though not quite so fast as a 60 steak because of the amount of fat in the former. All bones sink, and the harder the work the bone has had to do, the more dense it is and the faster it sinks. The only other variable that applies to people floating is the amount of air they can cram into their lungs. The difference between floating and sinking for a great many people is only a handful of air."

Lanoue reported that at predominantly white Georgia Tech, of some 1,000 freshmen put through a swimming program each year, no more than 2% were sinkers. On the other hand, Dr. James Haines, professor of physical education at predominantly black Morehouse College, found that he had a high percentage of sinkers. Invited to check the results, Lanoue confirmed that 30% of the Morehouse blacks were in the sinker classification. The difference between blacks and whites was statistically vast. Similar differences have been noted between white and black women swimmers.

The importance of buoyancy in competitive swimming has not, however, been clearly established. Chet Jastremski, who held all world records in the breaststroke, had "very poor buoyancy," according to James E. Counsilman, Indiana University and U.S. Olympic coach at Tokyo. He explains that buoyancy is just one of the variables among many that contribute to success in com-

petitive swimming. "There is also coordination, strength, flexibility, organic capacity [endurance] and what we call power," he says. "Strength and power are different. Strength is how much resistance you can overcome at a given time. With power you bring in a time factor—not only the resistance you can overcome, but the time in which you can do it."

"I think power is the key to the black athlete's success. For instance, in 1968 the eight Olympic finalists in the 100-meter dash were all blacks. In the U.S. the black athletes dominate the sprints and don't do as well in the distances."

"The vertical jump is a good measure of power. Generally speaking, sprinters, high jumpers and pole vaulters have a high vertical jump. Distance runners have a low one. By high I mean 30 to 31 inches. Low is around 20. You find few sprinters at 20 inches. Distance runners are around 20."

"I believe that the black athlete has more white muscle fibers. Oversimplifying it, every muscle has two types of fibers—white fibers and red fibers. The white muscle fibers are adapted for speed of movement, otherwise power. The red muscle fibers are adapted for endurance. White muscle fibers enable you to jump high, throw a good knockout punch or anything that entails power. Red fibers enable you to run a long way."

"I'm the only one who will say this for publication. The physiologists agree with me on the side, but they won't go into print."

"I think the difference in muscle fibers is the reason the black athlete is a better sprinter. There'll be people who'll say, 'Well, what about Kip Keino?' He's an exception. [As noted before, he is also of a different physiological heritage than the West African blacks who came to America.]

"The black athlete is more adapted to speed, and that accounts for his superiority in sports. Football, baseball, boxing, basketball, sprinting, high jumping, broad jumping—these involve speed."

"I'm not saying the black man is in-

ferior or superior. I'm just saying that he is better adapted for speed and power. And I'm not saying every black man. It's just that the average is higher in the blacks."

The big reason that there are no outstanding black swimmers, Counsilman says, is primarily socioeconomic. "One, he has not had the opportunity to be a good swimmer. Two, there is just a lack of money. There are not enough pools in their areas. Swimming can cost quite a bit of money. And what good does it do them to be swimmers? There are no professional swimmers. They can't elevate themselves socially or economically in swimming. In other sports there is the possibility of big contracts. In track there is the chance for a lot of publicity. Swimming, as yet, does not get that kind of valuable publicity."

"A third factor in the socioeconomic area is that there has never been a great black leader in swimming, a winner of a national title. Swimming needs a Jackie Robinson figure. The door is open, but they just haven't gone in. We need that first national or Olympic black champion. I would certainly like the first one who wins a national title to swim for Indiana."

Counsilman does have a black swimmer, John Tunstall, a junior and freestyler, but he had never swum competitively until last year. "Unfortunately," the coach says, "it's going to be difficult to help him. Swimmers have to start early—10, 11, 12. It's interesting to note that if you went to a swimming meet five years ago you didn't see any black swimmers. To discover a great swimmer like Mark Spitz you've got to have 100,000 trying. The blacks don't have enough numbers yet."

Of all the physical and psychological theories about the American black's excellence in sport, none has proved more controversial than one of the least discussed: that slavery weeded out the weak. Without doubt, the slaves were brought across the Atlantic under the most inhuman conditions. Lee Evans and Calvin Hill did not exaggerate the hardships. Only the strong—

est survived the passage, the "seasoning" process which followed and the rigors of labor in the New World, though most had been strong to begin with.

It has been estimated that 5% of the slaves captured in Africa died on the march to the coast or in the barracoons they were cooped up in until a slave ship arrived to trade for them. Another 13% died during the passage and some 30% died during seasoning—the three-to-four-year period during which a slave was broken to work in the fields or elsewhere. Thus for every two condemned to slavery, only one lived to labor in the New World. The majority were warriors captured from other tribes, therefore physically superior, but some were sold by their own chiefs for violation of one taboo or another. The traders, naturally, picked over the fittest.

Even after slavery ended, a black child in America had very little to which he could aspire. Eventually sports opened a door, and now, as Elvin Hayes' former coach, Melvin Rogers, said in *The Black Athlete: A Shameful Story* (SL, July 1, 1968 et al.), "A white kid tries to become President of the United States . . . a black kid tries to become Willie Mays."

The West African black was brought across the Atlantic, at first to the West Indies, in large part because plantation owners were disappointed with the native Indians. As slaves the Indians were hopeless. At the start of the 17th century, one Antonio de Herrera, a historian, contended that the work of one Negro was more than equal to that of four Indians. On the other hand, he caustically noted, "These Negroes prospered so much in the colony that . . . as yet none have been known to perish from infirmity."

Indians, though, as one Spanish planter complained, "died like fish in a bucket," partly because they were less resistant to European diseases—like smallpox and measles—than the blacks.

Some African slaves died by their own hands. Suicide was a particular characteristic of members of the Ibo

tribe, many of whom either escaped their chains and threw themselves into the sea or hanged themselves on their chains. To this day a folk saying in Haiti observes that the Ibo is prone to hang himself. Some slaves were encouraged to kill themselves by a belief that their souls would then return to Africa, where they would be reunited with their families and friends.

A theory quoted by Arnold Toynbee holds that the black man surpassed the Indian as a slave because he came from a superior culture. Certainly the West African was not a savage. He created an architecture of respectably high standards. He was a skilled and artistic weaver. No white men had to teach him to smelt iron or make brass. And he was a highly competent woodworker. He was a good herdsman of cattle, sheep and goats. He used the donkey as a beast of burden. He was a fine farmer, considering what he had to work with. When the European introduced the market he was able to copy it and make his own. He had not, though, for the most part, reached that fine stage of civilization in which he was able to make gunpowder. And, as Mannix and Cowley point out in *Black Cargo, a History of the Atlantic Slave Trade*, he never invented the wheel and the plow.

With the skills he had and the ability to learn new ones, the Negro became a very valuable piece of property in America and was treated as such once he passed the seasoning test. Though many slaves died aboard ship, even there it was not too unusual for the slaves to be better fed than the white crewmen, who were considered expendable and often were marooned in the Indies once the westward passage was completed. The idea was that a sailor could be shanghaied in London and abandoned in Jamaica at a bit of extra profit to the captain and the owners. There are tales of compassionate black slaves sharing their rations with starving white sailors.

Once at work ashore, properly trained and much more valuable than he was

continued

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## BLACK

when bought on the African West Coast, the slave was sometimes given less arduous and hazardous work than gangs of Irish and German laborers, whose services were leased out by contractors to the plantation owners. One Virginia planter, asked why he should pay Irishmen to dig drainage ditches when he could have it done by black slaves, explained that it was dangerous work "and a Negro's life is too valuable to be risked at it. If a Negro dies it is a considerable loss, you know" (as much as \$2,500 in the currency of the day). Similarly, a traveler in the South observed that when a boat was being loaded with cotton from a high bluff on the Alabama River, Irish deckhands were given the perilous job of remaining below, there to deal with crazy bounding bales pitched down a chute to them by black slaves from the bank above.

"The niggers are worth too much to be risked here," the captain explained. "If the Paddies are knocked overboard or get their backs broke, nobody loses anything."

The slave had not known much of sport in Africa, where he had little time or incentive for it. The idea of exertion and competition for the fun of it was generally unknown in tribal culture. Sport is a product of leisure. Dancing was fun for the African, but it had meaning, too, often of a religious nature. And it was not competitive.

There were some sports, to be sure. *Lutte*, which still survives and is very popular in Senegal, is a ritualistic form of wrestling rather like the Japanese sumo. It begins with singing, dancing, boasting and the hurling of insults to the rising beat of drums. Then there is a flash of action and one of the participants is knocked off his feet. That ends it. The winner need not pun his man. And there is an Ethiopian game called *gemma*, which resembles field hockey.

For their own amusement the slave owners taught their blacks to compete against each other in racing and a primitive form of boxing, just as the own-



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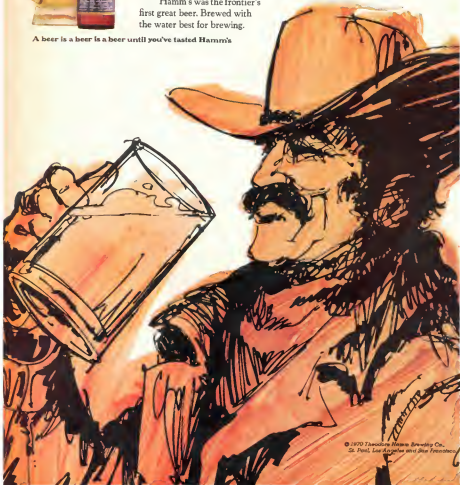
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# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## FIGHTING GAMECOCKS

Sirs:

Congratulations on your article *The Toughest Kid on Anybody's Block* (Jan. 4). You couldn't have picked a better man to feature than John Roche or a better team than the South Carolina Gamecocks. The Gamecocks may have bad tempers, but you have to admit that they're good.

All I can say is that UCLA had better watch out when NCAA title time comes. The Gamecocks are going to be there.

DIAN MCTIMBAL

Belmont, N.C.

Sirs:

Curry Kirkpatrick captured the spirit of Coach Frank McGuire and the South Carolina basketball team. Unfortunately, some of South Carolina's players seem to feel that it is smart to unload a left on a counterman or kick an opposing player when he is down. Worse than this is the apparent attitude of Mr. McGuire in recurring this type of person or condoning these actions by his players. Whether valid or false, this is the opinion many people developed when Mr. McGuire was coaching at North Carolina and hold now, while he is at USC.

If a coach is to be judged solely by the number of wins, then Mr. McGuire is an unqualified success. If he is to be judged by his ability to assist young men to grow, then he is apparently less successful.

JERRY N. PHILLIPS

Raleigh, N.C.

Sirs:

Please have Curry Kirkpatrick explain more clearly in a future article what "New York basketball" is all about. It has to be more than a coach who claims he isn't Jesus and a boy who picks on soda jerks. Whatever it is, it doesn't work against North Carolina players who know how the game should be played. Witness Jan. 4: South Carolina 79, South Carolina 64.

It is clear now that your beer parlor hero (Ritock) can handle nine drinks but he can't hold a candle to a player half his size on a basketball court.

CARROLE D. PAVSI

Madison Heights, Va.

Sirs:

Mr. Roche and the Gamecocks came to Chapel Hill and were soundly beaten by the North Carolina Tar Heels. Several technical fouls were called on South Carolina. Displaying the most unsportsmanlike conduct on the court will not get a team anywhere. The Gamecocks have an excellent team, but their actions of the past have caught up with them.

North Carolina still has the best basketball around, and it will continue to have it despite the actions of John Roche and South Carolina.

ED RANSKE

Raleigh, N.C.

Sirs:

Mr. Kirkpatrick's article on John Roche and South Carolina basketball gives the impression that the team is involved in foultricks as often as possible (on and off the court). South Carolinians take great pride in their basketball team, their university and their state. We are not appreciative of someone sitting at a desk telling the readers how mean the team appears to him. If you have taken it upon yourselves to inform your readers about the bad guys, why not tell them about coaches who become personally involved in riots. Or about officials who are either so biased or blind that they call the infractions of playing rules as they want them to be, not as they are? It has always amazed me that millions of people watching the games on TV can see this but not the officials.

We have worked hard to build a basketball power at South Carolina and to build a beautiful new coliseum in Columbia. It appears to me that it gives SI acid indigestion to write about USC, but since we are rated No. 2 in the country you feel you must give us some coverage every now and then, and so you make it as unflattering as possible. Yes, we have a good team and we are proud of it.

Mrs. J. C. WOODSON

Edgefield, S.C.

Sirs:

It seems to me that Curry Kirkpatrick could have characterized John Roche and his teammates as great basketball players and not as street urchins. Kirkpatrick must think that Roche would rather hit a jaw than two points. How could any loyal Gamecock supporter believe that?

JOHN W. FOLSON

Columbia, S.C.

Sirs:

If I were John Roche, the very next guy I'd slug would be Curry Kirkpatrick.

J. PATRICK DORRITY

Elmwood Park, Ill.

Sirs:

Why don't you write a boxing article on South Carolina and a basketball article on North Carolina?

JOE TURN

Clemson, S.C.

Sirs:

Curry Kirkpatrick was an excellent portrait of Frank McGuire's "hotheads," as John Roche aptly described the South Carolina team. A lot of ACC fans have known for a long time that McGuire, Roche, Owens, Ribick and mates lack one important quality to go with their talent—class!

BARBARA A. JOHNSON

Asheville, N.C.

## THE BOWLS BURNETH OVER

Sirs:

The first part of Dan Jenkins' article *The One-Day Season* (Jan. 11) is the finest descriptive introduction to a three-bowl synopsis yet to be rendered in journalism circles. After that, it was a great recap of the bowl games. Congratulations on another fine literary presentation.

DEANNA CUNNINGHAM

San Francisco

Sirs:

The bowl games are over, and the team you didn't mention in your article about the big three in the nation came out on top. Nebraska's coach doesn't play golf with rival coaches, give car commercials on television or carry on phone conversations with the President. Bob Devaney is just the nation's No. 1 coach with the No. 1 team. He who laughs last laughs best, and all of Nebraska is laughing now.

LARRY GARDNER

Omaha

## HOCKEY—WESTERN STYLE

Sirs:

I would like to commend you on your article on the San Diego Gulls hockey club (*A Not So Silent Minority*, Jan. 4). I am a very ardent Gull fan and have listened to and watched many of their games. The Gulls are a very good team and are currently in second place in the Western Hockey League, behind the Portland Buckaroos. Mark Mulvey wrote a very good piece but he left out one important thing. He forgot to mention Bob Cousy, who is currently the WHL's scoring leader.

I am sure that there are many San Diegans who think that the Gulls could beat some of the National Hockey League teams, and I am one of them.

LAWRENCE J. GOLDSBRAND

La Mesa, Calif.

Sirs:

It's about time the National Hockey League people woke up and noticed that the WHL teams and cities are just as capable of producing large crowds, good play-

continued

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## 19TH HOLE

ers and exciting action. Congratulations to Mark Mulvey on a fine, well-written piece.

TERM FREEMAN

San Diego

Sirs,

Mark Mulvey is fast becoming the Western Hockey League's favorite sportswriter. This started in your Dec. 14 issue, when he reported on the Vancouver Canucks, who were until last year a WHL team. Now he comes back with another article in the Jan. 4 issue on the San Diego Gulls. All Gull fans can tell you that we love the Gulls as they are, and we do not really want an NHL franchise. At the present time we are hoping and rooting for a Lester Patrick Cup this season. Congratulations to Mark Mulvey and SI for great articles concerning the world's fastest sport!

BRANDON ROHL

La Jolla, Calif.

## PRECEDENT

Sirs,

Please extend my congratulatory thanks to William Leggett for his fine article on the Kansas City Royals' baseball school (*To the Tune of a Hysterical Well, Ah!*) *Stack*, Jan. 4.) I think Royals Owner Ewing Kauffman has set an excellent precedent for the baseball world to follow. Were age not a factor (I believe, in my case, it would be) I would seriously make an attempt to gain admission to this school. To Mr. Kauffman I offer my best wishes for success.

GARY C. TREMBLE

University Park, Pa.

Sirs,

The school that Ewing Kauffman has set up is a step in the right direction to prepare baseball for the future. And that raises a big but simple question: If the baseball academy is a success (and I have a satisfying feeling that it will be), could similar schools be set up for basketball, hockey and even football?

HAI ROSSNER

Evanson, Ill.

## RESOLVED

Sirs,

Among the New Year's resolutions printed in your Jan. 4 *Piccolo* column is one by Howard Cosell to "quit as soon as I can afford it." I don't know Mr. Cosell's address, but in order that his resolution may be speeded on to fulfillment, here is my dollar. Please forward it to him.

JUDITH E. NIMMERS

Sacramento

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